

September 25 cents

The American Mercury



HITLER OR CHRIST

The Fate of Christianity in Germany

By REV. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND

LICENSED LOAN SHARKS

By Noah Rotwein

Divorce by Murder	Courtney Ryley Cooper
Undergraduates Never Change	Irwin Edman
The Silver Swindle	Herbert Corey
Japan Can't Rule China	Hallett Abend
Yankees Are Human	David L. Graham
Carol, Rumania's Glamour King	Willi Schlamm
Baseball Madness in Brooklyn	John Escher
Fighting Disease in Paradise	Jerome Beatty
Husbands Grow on Trees. <i>A Story</i>	Whitfield Cook
Moscow's Man in Washington	Joseph H. Baird
The Millionaire Lunatic Fringe	Isabel Lundberg
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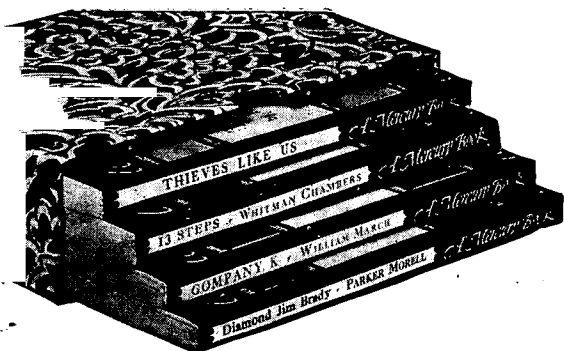
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FICTION

THE PRIORY, by Dorothy Whipple. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Pert summer tale of a crotchety Major (English, of course) who proposes by phone to his second wife and brings her into a household where his spinster sister paints pictures, his two daughters plan escapades, and the servants don't give a damn.

LISTEN FOR THE VOICES, by Anne Colver. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. In the middle of the last century Concord society could boast Emerson and Thoreau, the Alcotts and sometimes the Hawthornes. Miss Colver's story weaves together these great in a delicate brocade of genteel existence. Quotes from letters and their works lend the whole a flavor of mild veracity.

NOT ALL YOUR LAUGHTER, by Sally Gibbs. \$2.00. *Appleton-Century*. A fatal case of logorrhea — or rather, several cases since Miss Gibbs' characters are all plucked from the night clubs of the Fatuous Fifties. The conversation is supra-Hollywood and the action is infra-Left Bank.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BOOK OF THE STATES, 1939-40, by the Council of State Governments. \$3.50. Chicago. Assembled information about Mother England's prodigal daughter. Just in case you've forgotten, in the sovereign states of Colorado, Idaho, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Washington the female can be united in marital bliss at the advanced age of twelve. In Oregon the legislator receives less than \$200 for his services and in New York he gets \$2500 a year. In North Carolina he can walk to the capital for all the budget

allows, but in Massachusetts he receives traveling expenses (once) of \$4.20 a mile.

SALWEEN, by Ronald Kaulback. \$3.75. *Harcourt Brace*. The Salween is a river in Tibet and the author a young Englishman who tried to reach its source. The log of the journey is carefully written, complete with photographs, maps, and index. The exploring party did not reach its goal but it did look at 3000 miles of hitherto uncharted country.

THE ORCHID HUNTERS, by Norman MacDonald. \$2.75. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Two plucky youths toss up their jobs and go to South America to hunt orchids. The writing is full of ominous pluff, with the reader getting pretty tired of reading time and again that death is just around the corner.

AFRICAN HEROES AND HEROINES, by Carter Godwin Woodson. \$2.15. *Associated Publishers*. An intelligent, outspoken disproof of the notion that a white epiderm is a *sine qua non* of courageous behavior. If Mr. Woodson tends to load the balance with a measure of nationalism it is entirely understandable. He has no faith in a benevolent colonialism, repeating that "he who would be free must himself strike the blow."

THE MARCH OF MIND. A Short History of Science, by F. Sherwood Taylor. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. A neat outline of the development of science which covers the high points for popular consumption.

NEO-NEUTRALITY, by Georg Cohn. \$3.75. *Columbia U. Press*. The chairman of the International Law Division of the Danish Foreign Ministry, proposes a new method of dealing with the war problem. Where traditional neutrality adopted a passive attitude

THE CHECK LIST

toward war, recognizing its necessity, *neo-neutrality* "takes an exception in principle to participation in war in any form. . . . The neo-neutral states are in reality those states which, without becoming a party to war, are participants in the system of sanctions designed to prevent war. They do not participate, and under no circumstances will participate, in war." But after re-reading the following sentence four times, the Check-Lister leaves it to the reader to decide: "Whatever is appropriate or necessary to prevent war has its approval, even if it be a question of military or other compulsory measures, excepting only war."

OUR FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND HOW IT FUNCTIONS, by the Federal Writers' Project. \$1.75. *Hastings House*. A useful little book of information on the various branches, departments and "independent, emergency and miscellaneous agencies of the United States Government."

PRIESTS OF LUCINA. The Story of Obstetrics, by Palmer Findley. \$5.00. *Little Brown*. Lucina has often been a terrible goddess and her priests have not always been able to placate her. Unwilling sacrifices to her power continue to be made although the toll is no longer as large as it once was. Dr. Findley traces the history of obstetrics through the personalities that have contributed to its development. It is an exciting subject but the author has not steered quite an even course between the Charybdis of excess technicality and the Scylla of over-popularization. A chapter summing up the present status of the science is also lacking.

GUINEA PIGS AND BUGBEARS, by G. L. Eskew. \$2.50. *Research Press*. Chicago. Supposed to debunk the debunkers of 100,000,000 *Guinea Pigs*, etc. But when the smoke and flatulent English clears away all that remains are such quotations as, "The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." In defense of modern advertising practises Mr. Eskew notes that the benefits the manufacturers receive "are problematical and at best fleeting. On the other hand, the consumers who read the advertisements and buy the articles enjoy the benefits of possession, often for a lifetime."

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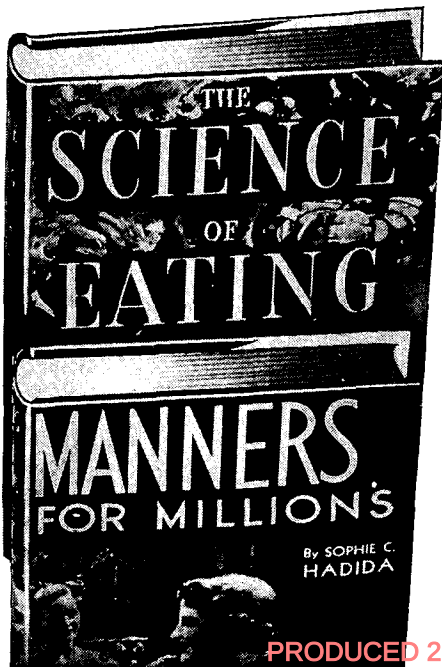
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HITLER OR CHRIST

The Fate of Christianity in Germany

BY REV. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND

General Secretary Emeritus, Federal Council of Churches

IF THE head of an all-powerful Secret Service organization anywhere else were to set himself up as a nation's spokesman on spiritual matters, it would look like extravagant irony. There is nothing ironical about the fact in Hitler's Reich. On the contrary, it seems natural and altogether fitting that the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of Heinrich Himmler, chief of the secret police, should serve as battering ram in attacking Christian concepts and institutions. It merely attests that Christianity is classed in present-day Germany with other anti-Nazi institutions to be fought and conquered by ruthless police methods. Since June Himmler's publication has been running a

series of articles to prove that through "Christianization of our Fatherland, the natural feelings of honor and morality inborn in our race have been overshadowed and superseded, and in some cases actually debased and perverted." The flavor of the head-policeman's onslaught is in any typical excerpt:

Which of us, wandering through the lovely German countryside and coming unawares upon a Crucifix, does not feel deep in his heart . . . a strange but enduring sense of shame? The gods of our ancestors were different. They were men, and carried in their hands a weapon which typified the natural characteristic of our race, namely readiness to act and self-reliance. How different is yonder Pale Figure on the Cross, whose passivity and emphasized mien of suffering express only humility and self-abnegation, qualities which we,

conscious of our heroic blood, utterly deny. . . . The corruption of our blood caused by the intrusion of this alien philosophy must be ended.

Far from being exceptional, such blasphemy is commonplace in Germany today. It has lost the power to shock. Nazi leaders lavish their talents for name-calling and calumny in their propaganda against the religion of Christ, and the government (directly or by letting others act) backs them up enthusiastically in the language of naked force. The physical assaults on Cardinal Innitzer and other prelates, the trial of Pastor Martin Niemöller, the occasional mass refusal of clergymen to obey decrees they consider anti-Christian, and other isolated episodes have given the world some inkling of the desperate struggle underway between the Hitler regime and organized religion. But the full import of that struggle has yet to be understood beyond Reich frontiers.

It is literally a life-and-death contest. The issues are too sharply drawn, the spiritual stakes too high, for any lasting compromise. Either Christianity will reconquer its independence in matters of the human spirit, or it will be effectually wiped out. The Christian Cross and the Nazi Swastika are locked in a combat which, when

the history of this epoch is written, may be its most important event.

In his Reichstag speech last January Adolf Hitler publicly expressed himself for the first time in five years on the issue of Christianity in Nazi Germany. Interwoven with threats against religious leaders he offered a "solemn declaration" that "no one in Germany has hitherto been persecuted for his religious views." At least some of his listeners were aware, however, of the appeal addressed to him in November 1937 by the chaplains of the German armed forces, charging that:

The State and the Party today combat Christianity. . . . Public acceptance of Christianity is regarded, when a new position is to be filled, as a tie that unfits the candidate for service. . . . The conscientious Christian in Germany today is wholly unprotected. . . . A high official of the Storm Troops has referred to Jesus as "that Swine."

Hitler assured the Reichstag that the "Confessional" Church was declining. He did not add that, of the five or six thousand pastors who may strictly be counted in the "Confessional" group, over 1300 dynamic leaders have been arrested or put in concentration camps since 1934. Hundreds of the spiritual leaders of the Roman Catholic Church have likewise been subjected to ruthless punitive pres-

tures. Whatever the technical charge against them, actually these men are suffering for their insistence on worshipping God in their own way.

On October 31, 1933 I requested Hitler to define his position on the issue. His categorical response was, "The German Evangelical Church and the people are identical. Therefore there can be no issue between church and state." His chief desire, the Chancellor said, was that the Church should be united, with "freedom and independence" and "that a Christian education may be transmitted to the people." Against Hitler's casual disposal of the question, I received from Karl Barth, the first Christian leader to speak up courageously, the following ringing challenge:

The Church is not the servant of men, nor of the German people. The German Evangelical Church is the Church for the German Evangelical people. . . . The fellowship of the Church is not through blood and not through race, but is determined by the Holy Spirit and by baptism.

Barth was almost if not entirely alone in his refusal to sign the oath of allegiance to Hitler, except with reservations which were rejected. He was removed from his chair in the University of Bonn. That act gave the lie to the Chancellor's promises. The struggle between religion and the Nazi regime

started in earnest. There has been no let-up since then in the persecution of Christianity as a way of life, and of individuals who put the dictates of their Christian conscience above the dictates of the government.

Did Hitler intend to speak the truth in his assurances, or was he illustrating his aphorism in *Mein Kampf* that a big lie is always preferable to a little one? His intelligence is far from equal to his intuition and cunning, and when he declared that Nazism stood for "positive Christianity" he did so with little knowledge of the implications of the Christian Gospel. And why shouldn't he have expected to weld the Protestant Church into his super-state? The German mind has always tended to glorify the state, sometimes as being "beyond good and evil," to use Nietzsche's classic phrase. Most Protestant leaders of Germany were monarchistic. Martin Niemöller had been a follower and friend of Hitler. The use of authority and force had not been foreign to the German theological mind.

Moreover, all other groups had yielded with hardly an observable kick. No communist head was anywhere in sight. The Social Democrats were silent. Labor unions and employers' associations had ac-

cepted the inevitable. The army and navy were showing no signs of militancy. Political parties had dissolved like the frost before the early sun. Professors of science had unreservedly signed the oath of allegiance to the Führer. Bonfires were being made of books considered inimical to National Socialist philosophy. All this had happened in six months. Why expect a few preachers of the Gospel to stem the tide?

Hitler was loud with soothing reassurance. He spoke of "*our* Christian faith," and promised that "the Christian confessions" should have "the influence that is due them in schools and education." A host of churchmen rose to the bait and a new body, the "German Christians" (the name was suggested by Hitler), took possession of the field and elected Hitler's friend, army chaplain Ludwig Müller, as bishop of the newly-organized German Evangelical Church. It was all achieved by a skilful *putsch*. Hitler settled the election by a radio speech just before the vote was taken. He offered, in effect, the easiest and most tempting solution. All that the Church needed to do was to proclaim National Socialism as a divine revelation and Hitler as a great Christian leader. Step by step the

government secured control, through the appointment of cabinet officials for "Church Affairs."

But the screen of "positive Christianity" soon became transparent. Puppet-Bishop Müller rewrote the Sermon on the Mount and declared that "the concept of mercy is wholly uncongenial to the German character." Another "German Christian" leader, Dr. Krause, declared:

National Socialism must not be judged from Christianity and the Bible. It is Christianity and the Bible which must be judged from the standpoint of National Socialism.

What Hitler's promises had meant was just what Satan offered Jesus: "All this will I give unto thee if thou wilt bow down and worship me." The Nazified Christians became loyal to the point of absurdity. One of my own former theological associates in the University of Berlin wrote of Hitler:

Something stupendously great has manifested itself in a single personality, in circumstances which might appear to be akin to the Incarnation in Jesus.

The oath prescribed for pastors was identical with that for civil servants and most of them took it. It looked as though the Protestant Church had become a Nazi State Church.

II

But the "Young Reformation Movement" had meanwhile been repairing its shattered lines. Pastor Niemöller organized a "Pastors' Emergency Federation," Bishop Müller was repudiated, and even forsaken by Hitler, and the awakened minority became substantial and vocal. More and more pastors refused to sign the pledge without nullifying reservations. Finally the so-called "Confessional" Church gathered the protestants in large numbers in synodical organization.

From 1933-34 on the conflict has raged with varying results. At present there are in practice three separate church groups. The official Church is dominated largely by "German Christian" Nazi policies. The militant body — the "Confessional" church and synod — has been fighting against state suppression, against the "German Christians" and against the apathy of a great body of neutrals in the Church. Numerically the third group, of neutrals, is the largest. The "Confessional" synod has been deprived of ecclesiastical standing by the Evangelical Church recognized by the Minister for Church Affairs. The militants are practically all pastors; the laymen are for the most part silent, except

when they more or less quietly encourage the pastors.

The pretense of state benevolence has largely been dropped. Hitler has finally come to see that National Socialism and confessional Christianity are in a struggle which means death to one or the other, and that Nazism must have or become a religion of its own. He permits his Minister for Church Affairs, Hans Kerrl, to declare:

There is a new authority arisen in Germany which will say what Christ and Christianity mean for Germans. That authority is Adolf Hitler.

When the leaders of National Socialism saw that the whole Church could not be readily absorbed or controlled, they began a wearing-down process. The Christian rebels must be subdued by attrition, torment, and torture. So theological faculties were disrupted. Money collected from church members as church taxes was arbitrarily withheld from the "Confessional" churches, while a law appeared forbidding them to take collections. Every pastor under the least suspicion knew that he was preaching to police and spies in his congregation. When the case against a pastor was so fragile that he must be acquitted, he was taken in charge as he left the courtroom and placed in a concentration camp. The "third

degree" was employed to break down the morale of the clergymen held in custody.

In a recent instance the judge of a court, in pronouncing a drastic sentence, declared that the offense was aggravated because in a prayer the pastor had included the petition, "May the Lord protect persecuted peoples." Ministers who dared to pray for peace during the crisis of September 1938 were punished as traitors to the state. A recent maneuver has been the incitement of dissension within local churches. The State Church Council has decreed that if a minority complains of a pastor he may be removed on the ground that he cannot maintain order. It is obviously easy for local Nazis to provoke such complaints. And always the threat to withdraw the proceeds of church taxes is held over the head of the recalcitrant pastors.

Ridicule is always a subtle and potent weapon. The whole range of confessional Christian teaching is treated with contempt by the pervasive Nazi propagandists. It is branded as un-German, as part and parcel of "international Jewry." The anti-semitic propaganda thus does service in the effort to weaken the hold of the Christian church on the people. The status of officers, and even members, of the Church

who are arbitrarily labeled as non-Aryan has been the subject of perpetual dispute. Recently a group of the so-called "German (or Nazi) Christians" has been coordinated to direct the Evangelical Church. Doubtless this coterie will be entrusted with the church taxes. That will mean the complete impoverishment of the "Confessional" pastors.

Chief of Police Himmler, as I have already indicated, constantly intrudes in church affairs, over the heads of the Nazi officials who regulate them. It is reported that his most recent proposal is the transfer of select "Confessional" church edifices, to be used for the "ceremonies" of the Elite Guard. The "German Christian" seizure of church properties is at times by Storm Troop methods, church officers being expelled at the point of a revolver.

Wearing-down methods include incarceration of pastors attacked by Nazis on the ground that they are "disturbing the peace"; arrests for quite trivial or falsely alleged offenses — anything that can be conjectured. Penalties are brutal — for example, eight months in prison for Father Albert Fritsch for not giving the Nazi salute. When convenient, ministers are quietly banished. For awhile, a

common charge on which a pastor, priest, or church official was subjected to arrest was that of a minor infraction of the currency laws, interpreted so as to meet the purpose. In Austria the new Nazis have even outdone their fellows in old Germany in ruthlessness. Because of the disobedience of individuals, whole congregations have been severely punished. Martin Niemöller is but a symbol for a multitude of victims.

Letters from prisons and camps are censored, but enough of them have reached their friends through secret channels to provide a picture of cumulative horror in the treatment of pastors. Several letters liken the prison regime to the trench life of the pastors during the war. One writer compares his cell to a "dugout." Isolation is evidently common. Singing is forbidden. Clergymen take their walks covered by an armed guard. Many imprisoned churchmen have followed Niemöller's example in refusing release on dishonorable terms. The body of Pastor Schneider, who died after more than two years in Buchenwald camp, was sent to his home without explanation or comment. The spirit of these men is a tribute to the power of Christian faith. From their letters we have such words as these:

As regards whatever is in accord with the Word of God, I cannot pledge myself to keep silence. . . . The Rock stands firm and unshaken. . . . The Devil cannot snatch us out of God's hand.¹

At the close of the funeral sermon for Pastor Schneider, the officiating pastor requested the congregation to read the thirteenth chapter of Mark, which includes references to "the abomination of desolation . . . standing where it ought not," and Jesus' prophecy: "for false Christs and false prophets shall rise and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce . . . even the elect."

III

Those in high places in religion who sought "appeasement" have often suffered the most grievously. Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna, who personally welcomed Hitler, is today held in lowered esteem on both sides. The Austrian Protestant leader who joined in the reception of the Nazi Führer went to jail. Nazism will accept no support in moderation. Appeals have been in vain. Hitler was personally visited by a body of miners in behalf of Niemöller. Petitions came from farmers, civil officers, and other

¹ *I Was in Prison: The Suppressed Letters of Imprisoned German Pastors.* By Charles S. Macfarland. Fleming H. Revell.

groups; deputations and hundreds of petitions have followed one after the other — all to no avail.

The educational policy of Nazi Germany is perhaps the state's most powerful weapon in the assault of the Swastika on the Cross. In March 1939, the Vienna edition of the *Völkische Beobachter* asserted that the family right in education is secondary to that of the Hitler Youth organization, and that the Nazi ideal in education "is possible only if the state thoroughly eliminates every outside influence." These principles are applied wherever the Nazi regime can touch the life of youth. The influence of religious teachings and examples at home is among those most carefully eliminated. The German child's mind is continuously poisoned with hatred for the Christian ideals "as incompatible with Nazi folk ideas." Dr. Matthes Ziegler, editor of an official Nazi monthly, wrote a recent booklet for young people, in which he says that the Christian religion is an "illusory attitude of faith. . . . The German does not believe in a personal God. . . . For Germans, the messenger of God is not the official priest, but only the fighter."

The regime has taken possession of childhood and youth. A judge recently had before him a father

and a mother who were exercising the religious rights of conscience in their home. He took the children away from their parents, appointed a young Nazi official as their guardian, and the Hitler Youth organization, directed by a leader who has frankly avowed a pagan religion, became the substitute for father and mother. The fundamental teaching of this youth leader is that political Germany is the only God whom the youth are called upon to serve. Small wonder that theology is being eliminated in the universities and that there are fewer and fewer theological students.

Dr. Rust, the Minister of Education, declares that "university staffs must recognize National Socialism as a *creed*." Religious textbooks are being rapidly removed from the schools. Clergymen who have been teachers in public schools have been expelled to make place for genuine Nazis. Following the disbanding of both Protestant and Catholic youth organizations, there is now a law that forces all boys and girls to join the Hitler *Jugend*.

The attitude of Christians in Germany on the persecution of Jews is hard to estimate. The pastors of the rebellious groups have taken a stand against discrimination between Aryans and those

with Jewish blood within the Christian Church. But Nazi so-called Christians generally accept and apply the Nazi racial notions. Only the bolder "Confessional" pastors appear to have made the Jewish issue as a political matter a major contention. The Catholic position has been stated clearly by Cardinal Schuster:

It is good to make national distinctions in politics and trade. But racial distinction in the Christian Church — no!

It should be recognized that all but the most Nazified Christians feel a sense of humiliation at the ruthlessness and inhumanity that have characterized the treatment of the semitic population.

Having discovered that National Socialism and Christianity could not be fused, Nazi leaders determined that Nazism must itself become a religion. While Hitler has not openly claimed to be a Messiah, he has not challenged those who have thus proclaimed him. Gradually National Socialism, with its theory of Blood, Race, and Soil, has itself become a faith. The "German Christians" are being superseded by the so-called "German Faith" movement, led by Alfred Rosenberg, a chief lieutenant of Hitler. The contention is that Christianity is a Jewish philosophy

imposed in early centuries by ruse and force upon an unwilling German population, that the coming of Christianity has been an unmitigated disaster for the German folk, that it has destroyed their virtues, and made them anemic. German woes, social, political, and religious, are the result of Christianity, according to Rosenberg.

A widely distributed production is *Rassenschändung* (*Racial Disgrace*), which portrays Christianity as a deep-laid plot to overrun the world, and by race-degeneration completely to enslave an enfeebled humanity. It "proves" that Christianity, by attaching more importance to the soul than to the body, is solely responsible for all epileptics, imbeciles, drunkards, the blind, deaf, and dumb, venereally diseased, and consumptive. It adds:

German blood and Christian baptismal water are completely irreconcilable. . . . Contrary to Christianity [in Germany], race is to the ordinary man the most holy thing. There can be no compromise here, but a decisive break [with Christianity]. But this time the break must be at the expense of Christianity, not at the expense of our race.

One hears constantly about the new "moral code" of the Hitler youth. The nature of the new moral values is no secret to the world: a glorification of naked

force, contempt for human kindness, renunciation of "old-fashioned" Christian morality in sex and family relations, all presumably in the interests of the state. Marriage has no sacramental meaning. There is no primary question of mutual happiness. Marriage is simply a device to perpetuate the life of the nation. In the sex relation nature is to be followed and the women must remember that man's duty is to beget as many children as he can. Rosenberg says:

Today the whole Christian order of values has completely collapsed. [The two Christian churches] in their present form, must disappear from the life of our people. . . . I believe I am entitled to say that this is also our Führer's viewpoint.

One would be bold to prophesy as to the future. There is no strictly defined policy on the part of either the state or the "Confessional" leaders. It varies in different sections and is affected by personal temperaments. There is deepening a mutual sympathy between Protestants and Catholics perhaps such as there has never been before in Germany or anywhere else. Special interest attaches to the attitude of the Free Churches. For the most part they appear to be tolerated by the state. This has doubtless influenced their

leaders to spread abroad the fact that they are doing business as before, and in some cases has led them to become quasi-apologists for the regime of the Third Reich.

Prophecy may be ventured upon only in terms of alternatives: (1) The German Evangelical Church may secure its ultimate freedom from National Socialism and remain Christian; (2) it may divide, one section taking the status of the Free Churches; (3) it may yield so completely to National Socialism as to lose its Christian identity and to be repudiated by world Christianity. If either of the last two alternatives eventuates, there will be left only a Teutonic cult.

The contest between Cross and Swastika intensifies, and martyrs among defenders of Christianity multiply. Christians outside Germany may take heart from the circumstance that among the institutions which the Nazis proceeded to conquer and swallow, only the Christian churches have resisted and continue to resist with real vigor. Against the physical strength of the regime it is pitting the spiritual strength of its convictions. The outcome of that struggle is of incalculable importance to all mankind.

► *Our apron-string collegiates remain . . .
"blandly, changelessly immature."*

UNDERGRADUATES NEVER CHANGE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University

AFTER twenty years of teaching, one should be able to make a few generalizations about undergraduates. Even after five years, in fact, I found myself doing so. I published a book, not so much a series of general conclusions as a sequence of pictures, a composite photograph of a type. I called my type Richard Kane, and in a number of poses I had him look at life, college, marriage, morals, religion, Europe, and God. Richard, for whom I displayed — and indeed had — a half condescending affection was, or was intended to be, the "sensitive undergraduate" *par excellence*. He was a nice boy with a B-plus intelligence. He was the second-rate sensitive mind. He loved ideas more than he understood them, and appreciated more than he could master. I suppose I must have painted a recognizable type, for to this day I receive letters from young men who find themselves in the book. "How did you know?" they write. "You have written my autobiography."

Thus I gather that Richard Kane has not changed very much, though I more than suspect his vocabulary has undergone a streamlining. But he still lives beyond his intellectual income; he still loves the Good, the True, and the Beautiful with depths or display of feeling, rather than depths or manifestation of mind. He used to feel — and, I think, still feels — the contrast between the intellectual and imaginative heights he admires and the middle-class world of his parents, from which he derives and to which, a little less certainly now, he is likely to return. Richard, in those days twenty years ago, was a poet without the gift for poetry, a philosopher by sympathy though not by equipment, an attractive if not impressive young man — the warm-hearted cultivated youth of the better colleges. I still meet his reincarnation in every succeeding four-year college generation. I met him, by the dozens, a few years ago when I gave a series of lectures at Amherst; I ran into him in a visit to the Uni-

versity of Chicago; there are a few of him in the summer school of the University of California where this is being written; and winter before last I encountered him wandering with well-bred classical nostalgia among the ruined temples of Agrigento in Sicily.

Though I have taught at Columbia for over twenty years, I have at one time or another on brief professional visits met undergraduates literally from Maine to California. I am prepared to defend the thesis that, despite acute and profound changes that have taken place in our society, the undergraduate has not changed very perceptibly. Richard Kane has not varied, and though he is a standard type, I have found, both for better and worse, that he constitutes a very small minority in the undergraduate scene.

Richard is among that relatively small group whom one may best call the Articulates. Since he talks the most, and since he is the one with whom a young professor is first likely to talk much, the professor comes to think of him for the remainder of his life as the student *par excellence*. Even Richard, then, who seems to have been most transformed, has been so only superficially. He and his verbally active kind still talk the current intel-

lectual jargon and use the slogans for the moment fashionable. They read the books modish among their highbrow elders, who were Richard Kanes twenty years ago. They read Steinbeck instead of Hemingway; Auden and Spender instead of T. S. Eliot; they wish to make the world safe against fascism where twenty-odd years ago they were making the world safe for democracy — like their seniors. But *plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose!*

And if the articulate Richard Kanes have changed at least in their language, the others (and the others constitute the great bulk of the undergraduate body) have not, except for slang, changed even in that. It is quite remarkable what a fixed pattern the American college has placed upon American life, or *vice versa*. Faculties may tinker with the curriculum, dictators may tinker with the world, New Deals make over the nation, but the standards and the types of undergraduates remain the same. They will persist so long as college education remains a fetish of American democracy, so long as state universities graduate their thousands each year, so long as upper-bracket-income families send their sons, as a matter of routine, to the fashionable colleges of the East. Every college professor knows the types

by heart and in a few cases, *ad nauseam*. There is the athlete or would-be athlete, the campus politician, the aesthete, the industrious professional; there is the idler marking time, as it has been said, between puberty and adultery. There is, a rarity but a persistent one, the genuinely active and promising mind.

II

The numerical proportions of these types have changed, but not as much as one would think. If the middle class, which as a matter of course sent its sons to college, is shrinking, more students are coming to college as a way toward professional opportunity in a society where the rewards of a business career early begun are disappearing. Undergraduates remain the same essentially for the simple reason that they are still the same age group and that American colleges, whatever changes are imminent in our society, still reflect the middle-class and middle-brow culture pattern which they have had for the last few generations. A hundred years ago the colleges were still largely designed to train teachers and ministers. But with the expanding industrial wealth of the country, colleges began to be

places where the sons of everyone who could afford to went, if not for professional training, then for something vaguely called a liberal education.

It is true the parents themselves often believed the student's "contacts" counted more than his courses, and often so did the students. It is true, as Woodrow Wilson pointed out thirty years ago, that in most American colleges the sideshows had swallowed up the main tent. For the most part they continue to do so, and the students reflect that condition in a civilization threatened by collapse as well as one on the crest of the wave, in depression as in prosperity.

A few differences are likely to develop in the next few years — one need only talk or listen to undergraduates to realize it. Our college population is still a middle-class population (though any number of students are working their way through college and so are technically proletarians), and still dominated by the middle-class pattern of life. But the thought has entered the heads of even the less reflective that opportunities to be comfortable members of that class are shrinking. Even the wealthy among students have gathered (though from nothing but their parents' grumbling about taxes)

that the soft income-bearing class to which they belong may face a tougher and less lucrative life in the future. Many students who used to regard their professors with a mixture of superstitious respect and financial condescension look on them now as the lucky members of a caste and vested interest in which twenty-five years ago it was easier to find a place.

In short, they face their own future with uncertainty. In the past many individually did so, though I think it is only now beginning to occur to them that the problem of each is the problem of all. Half the thoughts of a college senior twenty-five years ago were about what he was going to do in the world. But he was quite sure there were things to be done; his diffidence came from worry as to whether as an individual he could make the grade. Now, seeing his older fraternity brothers, sometimes four or five years out of college and still without jobs, he begins to recognize that there is a crisis for all educated men in our society, that his individual worries about a career are functions of a universal worry with wide economic roots.

There is another change in today's undergraduate, more apparent than real. There is a level of

sophistication, or apparent sophistication, which is a little deceptive. It means merely that a certain type of intellectual and social analysis has become so conventionalized and popularized that it has become an epidemic even on college campuses, and reached even members of the crew. I suppose even the football squad now knows what a complex is, and on Fraternity Row they doubtless talk about sadisms and inhibitions. Twenty years ago only the Richard Kanes knew the latest psychological jargon. It is not the latest any more; it is a part of the common speech. Esoteric themes like homosexuality, which one would have had to explain to a class a generation ago — or even to a class's parents — are familiar enough verbally now. In the same way I suspect many are sociologically less naïve. I don't believe undergraduates ever took too seriously the success speeches of the stuffed-shirts at commencement. They laugh at them now.

In sex, as in economics, even the run-of-the-mine undergraduates have come of age. That is, they have come of age so far as the words are concerned. It must be remembered as I suggested above, that undergraduates remain the same not simply because of the sameness of the culture pattern which pro-

duced American colleges and which the colleges continue to affect and reflect. Undergraduates are the same because they are young men and women between the ages of 18 and 22. They seem wise to the ways of the world now, and verbally they are. Yet every teacher, if I mistake not, has had the experience, if he has engaged in conversation with his students about anything that mattered personally to them, of finding that the veneer of sophistication, the pretense of being wise to the low-down on life, are as deceptive as they always were. It is very rare to find real sophistication, moral or intellectual, at the age of 18 or 19. It is particularly rare in America, where the term college "boy" or "girl" is (not by accident) used almost as regularly as college man or woman.

European university students, even the English, are relatively men of the world. Americans are children of the campus. They talk well, some of them, and with a certain glibness about matters that twenty-five years ago their predecessors had not even heard of — Freud, Marx, Joyce, Spengler, and others have percolated down. But their naïveté, not a small and a rather disarming part of their charm, is hardly mitigated from what it was a generation ago.

It is, as a matter of fact, almost deliberately fostered by many college administrators. Deans are frequently simply headmasters with somewhat older charges, and deans of women particularly feel — is it an inheritance from the church affiliations of our colleges? — that it is the chief part of their job to "train the characters" of the boys and girls under their jurisdiction. They check up on their habits and feel their psychological pulses, and though they use the language of psychiatry and the appliances of psychological measurement, their viewpoint is frequently that of the governess or the nurse-companion for the older child. The result is that college students remain, on the whole, obedient children, and they are intellectually kept as children, too. There are any number of colleges where students still read so many assigned pages a day, where they learn by rote out of textbooks, and where it is regarded as a scholar's pipedream to think of undergraduates as men and women who can and should be treated as independent and inquiring minds — above all, as minds.

This apron-string educational technique is, I think, one of the reasons why American undergraduates remain so blandly, changelessly immature. It is one of the

reasons why American college graduates remain so like undergraduates ten years after leaving college.

III

But there are other reasons for the persistent simplicity and sometimes outrageous intellectual innocence that persist in the average American undergraduate. The fact is that our colleges, as President Hutchins has correctly pointed out, are for the most part not devoted to intellectual discipline as their primary concern. The colleges are places where nice young men have a pleasant time in an environment largely dominated by fraternities, athletics, and a routine of the taking and passing of courses. Now, as in the past, there is always a small percentage of really inquiring minds, and there is no question but that at any reputable college those minds can be at once stimulated, nourished, and trained. There are first-rate scholars and teachers in nearly every college, and there are a growing number of colleges where the curriculum is being organized in the interest of intellectual growth, where education, rather than credits or a degree, is the objective.

When that objective comes to be predominant in American colleges — if it ever does — there will, I

suspect, be more of a difference to report in the character of American undergraduates than is as yet discernible. There may then, as a matter of fact, be a drastic reduction in the number of students who go or will be expected to go to college. When one says that only 2 per cent of young people of college age go to college, it sounds small. But the numbers are enormous. And as long as the college population is so large, education will resemble the high school — students will remain boys and girls. They will, except for the aggressively articulate few, be relatively unconcerned about the serious issues of our society and casual about the things of the mind. They will go through the rituals and exercises, curricular and otherwise, of collegiate life, but they will not be a community of inquiring intelligence.

Meanwhile, there will always be the passionate and competent few who make teaching so rewarding an art. I cannot see that these have changed very much. They are a little more aware socially than they have been in the past; they know there is a crisis in civilization. They are less easy in their minds than they have been. Their vocabulary bears traces of the troubled society in which they live. But they are what they have always been —

young men and young women just waking up to philosophy and science and the arts, dreaming in the current vocabularies of setting the world aright, going through the familiar growing pains, moral and intellectual, cynical or romantic or disillusioned, always in the current mode and according to their temperaments, as their predecessors were twenty-five years ago.

Occasionally one or another of them breaks the camera, falls into no stereotype, and seems the precursor of a new genre of undergraduate no professor has ever seen before. But one seems to re-

member having met these exciting exceptions before, or to have heard of them. Shelley was once — briefly — at Oxford, too.

I am not discouraged by the sameness I have suggested in the collegiate type. I could wish that the colleges could change in the direction I have indicated and that the minds alone would remain — the only ones who have any business in college at all. But minds, particularly, remain in all periods the same, and in American undergraduates I think a certain warmhearted responsiveness is likely to remain as well.



THINKING OF SPAIN

By WITTER BYNNER

Now I must go, my treachery saith,
And choose a bed, instead of death,
Lie there and lie my life away
Nor tell the truth till Judgment Day . . .
So let me prate that life is good,
As any other liar would,
And add my falsehood to the tales
That men improve and love prevails,
That faith and honor overcome
Deceit and cowardice — till, dumb,
With lie hung open at the jaw,
I have forgotten what I saw.

THE SILVER SWINDLE

BY HERBERT COREY

THIS happened long before Key Pittman was United States Senator from Nevada. He was a cow-hand then, or maybe a mule manager. One night he got to playing faro and the cards ran his way. When he had piled up so many chips that he had to h'ist a bit to see over them he pushed the stacks over to the dealer. "Whyn't you ride your luck, Key?" asked that functionary. "Might ride it too far," answered Pittman.

And this was the way he managed the Silver Episode in June and July, which may be written into history as one of the most odd, spectacular and explosive events of many a political season and will figure in the 1940 book. It disturbed the shiny halos which Republican senators have been trying to fit on their own party. It drove another wedge between the fiscal policies of President Roosevelt and Treasurer Morgenthau. It left a grenade in the possession of the President which may explode the Good Neighbor policy. All this and more happened in order that a

steeper price might be written into the law for silver: to be exact, 71.11¢ an ounce for newly mined domestic silver, which is about twice its price in the world market, which in turn is much higher than it would be without our Treasury's generous support.

All this Key Pittman got for silver, but he would not ride his luck too far. Gloating silvermen in the Senate said, "Let's make 'em give us 77.50 an ounce — 71.11 ain't enough." "Nix," said Pittman. He had fooled Republicans into following him, coaxed conservative Democrats into voting his way just to embarrass Roosevelt, and kidded hard money men like Carter Glass into paying the exorbitant silver price to gain stability for the gold dollar. He wasn't going to push the miracle too hard.

Some people call the episode the Great Silver Swindle, and the name may stick. But perhaps they are partisan. It is more reassuring to look on it as one of those hilarious things that happen in politics. The United States now has on hand

something like 3,000,000,000 ounces of fine silver which it can neither sell, use, coin, nor give away. A new vault has been concreted for it at West Point, to match the mausoleum for gold in Kentucky. But the government is now required to go on buying all the domestic silver that is offered and pay 71.11¢ an ounce for it. It remains free to buy foreign silver at its own price. If it buys the metal from foreign governments in return for some political or commercial advantage, the opposition will say it's yielding to blackmail. If it refuses to buy, the governments which have tons of silver on hand will laugh and threaten to sign up with Hitler. Merely a few proofs, these, that it is a hell of a mess.

Silver has always been a burr in our political hair. Everyone is familiar with Sixteen-to-One and the Cross of Gold and the Crime of '73, even if few know what the terms mean. The early history may be scuffed over. In 1893 President Cleveland had to call a special summer session of Congress to repeal the Sherman silver act of 1890, which was destroying the dollar. In 1896 Bryan was defeated for the Presidency on the silver issue. The World War came along. Up to then silver had been in use

in all countries for fractional currency — francs and half-crowns and Maria Theresa thalers. The war-makers proceeded to debase the coinages; then they began to use paper and aluminum and other substitutes.

Silver was on the way out. India hung onto silver because it can be hoarded in cowstables, and China knew only silver and wouldn't trust paper. Other countries, one by one, began to reduce their demand. Other metals and alloys were found more useful in the arts and industry. There was a time when Newport, Rhode Island, sagged under the weight of silver salvers, and restaurant cutlery was plated with silver instead of white metal. That time was petering out. With the decline of demand for the metal, silver producers were on the spot. Production was going on, and the markets were fading. Production had to go on because only a few mines have ore of which silver is the primary content. Most of them make a living out of lead or zinc or copper and must take the silver as a by-product. By 1932 the producers were writhing in heaps, and to save them the London Agreement was signed by the major producing countries. It was violated, failed, and not renewed. No country wanted silver as a money metal,

and it was worth precisely what it could be sold for.

What it sold for was 25¢ an ounce in 1931 and 1932. Several times it went lower. Indications were that the value would continue to drop. Production continued to outrun demand. The United States produces about 70,000,000 ounces annually — and cannot stop producing while the mines work — but we use about 30,000,000 ounces. Of this amount the Treasury manages to use up about 5,000,000 ounces, on a yearly average, in minting dimes and quarters and a few silver dollars for the divorce trade in Reno. By 1934 it had on hand the tidy weight of 694,500,000 ounces, enough to keep us in dimes for the next one hundred and forty years. The best guess is that world production is about 264,000,000 ounces each year and world consumption about 100,000,000 ounces. And no way of stopping the flow.

II

That was the picture in 1934 when our seven silver states went into action. If you and I contemplated that picture with equanimity, it only went to prove that we were not silver miners.

It is amazing what can be done with a bloc of fourteen votes. The

seven states had fourteen Senators out of a total of ninety-six. They were sincere and high-minded Senators, too. A man who does not *believe* in silver money might win a crown of martyrdom out west, but he would not be sent to the Senate. In 1934 we were in the hooraying middle of our first evangelistic surge, and the silvermen seemed as much entitled to a hand-out as the plow manufacturers or sharecroppers. Besides, most of us owned an ancestral teaspoon and hated to see it classed along with tin and aluminum. So the Silver Purchase Act of 1934 was made into law by Congress.

And it was a honey! No one could be blamed, perhaps, for not looking very far into the future just then. No one bothered to find out that silver is not important except to its producers. The Department of Commerce rates it with grape jelly and lemons and gives it seven one-hundredths of one per cent in a list of 784 quoted commodities. According to the Census only 2838 persons are employed in mines whose chief product is silver; if all mines that yield silver along with other metals are counted, the total of employment is only 14,190. We could have sent the silver folks we were so eager to help over to the Waldorf-Astoria and told Oscar to

fill 'em up — it would have been cheaper and easier. But no one thought of it in time.

Instead, the Act directed the Treasury to buy silver until the metal either reached a price of \$1.29 the ounce in the open market or until, "calculated at its monetary value," the Treasury holds in silver one-fourth of its total stock of gold and silver; that is, one silver dollar for every three gold dollars.

And precisely what might have been expected to happen did happen. Silver slid in on us by the shipload. The faster it arrived, the higher the government fixed the price. A 25¢ hunk sold for 81¢ at one time, right over the Treasury counter. Other nations shouted hooray, and with reason. Germany, for instance, in six years prior to 1934 had withdrawn less than 7,000,000 ounces of silver from circulation. But when heaven opened the doors of our Treasury to him, Hitler withdrew and demonetized 108,000,000 ounces. Aryan or no Aryan, he must have loved Henry Morgenthau about that time. Most of China's silver reserves had either come to us or were held as security for loans. Its value was dependent on our continued buying. Japan sold us her silver and with the proceeds bought bombs with which to blow the entrails out of the

Chinese. The Latin American nations enthusiastically unloaded their silver. Treasurer Morgenthau would have been made ill by the situation, except that he had been made ill previously by other fiscal fixes. Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said approximately that we might as well coin clamshells.

Gold was flooding in on us too. The price of gold had been arbitrarily boosted to \$35 an ounce, which was pennies from heaven to Johannesburg and other gold camps, including our own. Governments were tottering and dumped their gold on us. Bankers all over Europe, having no martyr blood in them, made up their gold in neat packages and sent it to the one government left that seemed reasonably stable. And every time a fresh ton of gold came in, the Treasury, to maintain the three-to-one ratio prescribed by the Act, had to buy one-third of a ton of silver. When the Act became law, the Treasury was obligated to buy 1,332,000,000 ounces of silver, but the gold piled up so fast that actually it bought more than 2,000,000,000 ounces, and the current gold hoard makes it necessary to buy another billion or so.

Last year the Treasury had vastly more silver than it wanted

or could get rid of. Yet in the final quarter of 1938 it purchased 72,000,000 more ounces. Mexico had been rubbing our nose in the sand with unusual fervor, so the Treasury stopped buying silver direct from the Mexican government. But it could not refuse to buy Mexican silver offered through silver brokers in New York, for fear of offending other Latin American governments. The Treasury held its nose and took the silver. It took the silver from Cardenas and other Good Neighbors, from Hitler, from Japan, from anyone who mined it or cared to melt down spoons and coins.

III

With every year the farce grew broader. Congress did not like the silver situation. Even the general public was beginning to wonder in its bewildered way. To the trusting outsider it looked as though something would soon be done to end the protracted silver swindle. But the outsider did not pause to consider what fourteen silver senators, plus a bloc of silver representatives, could do when they began to hump themselves. Even the insiders did not consider it, until Key Pittman and Alva Adams of Colorado began to handle the deck.

From here on the reader is implored to accept the story in a spirit of humor. It is true that some billion and a quarter dollars are involved and that no one knows when the involvement may end, if ever. It is true that some sacred senatorial togas were split down the middle, leaving their wearers fair naked. Yet, by concentrating, the reader may convince himself that all is well.

What happened was that the silver states caught the New Deal out on the end of a short, brittle limb. This precarious position presented them with a ransom opportunity that they turned into cash.

On June 30, 1939 — midnight of a Friday — three of the emergency powers granted the President during the early days of his Administration were coming to an end, and at least two of them were close to his heart: the authority to devalue the dollar to 50 per cent of its former gold weight, and the management of a \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund for use if a currency war should break out among nations. The third emergency power was for unlimited coinage of silver. Though the President had said occasionally that such coinage of silver was a prop of his New Deal, his accent had been considerably short of conviction.

With zero hour for the emergency monetary powers approaching, the silver senators made a deal with the enemy. They wanted to make sure that the unlimited buying of silver should go on. More, they wanted to fix the price in the law, instead of leaving it to the President and the Treasury. Once the price of foreign silver had been run up to 81¢, which made thousands of unworthy foreigners rich. This was most annoying to Treasurer Morgenthau, who as a realist knew that not one of the profiteers would have given the United States a jigger of cool water if we were frying in hottest hell. It took him months to coax the New Deal away from price-lifting. When at last he succeeded, he fixed domestic newly mined silver at 64.64¢. For foreign silver he paid the world market price, but inasmuch as he had to buy shiploads to maintain the 3-to-1 ratio the market price was pretty steep. In June 1939, when the silver senators went into action, it was 43¢ and a fraction.

What the silver senators decided upon was, to put it charitably, a hold-up. "We demand," they said in effect to the Administration, "that the government hereafter buy all the newly mined domestic silver that is offered and that it pay 77.57¢ an ounce, which shall

be fixed by law — or else!" Or else they would defeat the extension of the President's emergency powers to devalue the dollar and to operate the \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund.

The President was furious. Under another statute, it is true, he could by a somewhat complicated process pay whatever price he wished for fine gold, thus devalue the dollar almost at will. But he did not wish to work under this roundabout law. And he asserted vehemently that the stabilization fund was an invaluable bulwark against floods of cheap foreign money which might be used to upset our foreign trade. The New Deal appealed to the patriotism, politics, sense of duty, obligation of fair play, fear of Hitler, personal loyalty and love, trust, and affection of the senators. But they insisted on their ounce of silver, and they resorted to coalition-*cum*-filibuster to get it.

Republican senators who had thrown up their hands in horror at all forms of subsidy as practised under the New Deal, now joined the silver gang to exact the most shameless subsidy of all. They were willing to pay 77.57¢ an ounce for approximately useless silver if by so doing they could deprive the President of his power to devalue and his control over the stabiliza-

tion treasure. They were joined by conservative Democrats, eyes on 1940, who were glad to get in Mr. Roosevelt's political way on any convenient pretext. There are still sound-money Democrats in the Senate, headed by Glass and Byrd, and they joined up. As Glass said: "This will cost millions of dollars, but if we can protect what's left of the dollar it is cheap at the price."

The combination succeeded in preventing the extension of the President's emergency powers. The clock ticked midnight that Friday and the trick was done. Then the Senate forked over to the hold-up men. By a vote of 48 to 30 it declared that hereafter the price of domestic newly mined silver would be legally held to 77.57 an ounce. The House demurred and the matter went to conference. A compromise agreement was reached that (a) the President should be given back those powers to devalue and to manage the stabilization fund, and (b) a price of 71.11¢ an ounce for domestic silver should be written into the law.

The Republicans in the Senate, being interested in killing the emergency powers rather than boosting the profits of the silver crowd, could only make a wry face and vote against the agreement; nineteen conservative Democrats also

voted against it. But the vote was 43 to 39, close as a shave in the dark, but enough to do the job. Some of the silver stalwarts wanted to keep on fighting for 77.57, but Key Pittman never rides his luck too far.

It is certain that silver will ring in 1940. The Republicans who were bagged by Mr. Pittman may by that time have thought up an explanation why they voted for a silver subsidy — perhaps the rawest and least justified of the teeming subsidies of these years. We have almost 3,000,000,000 ounces of the metal which is to all intent useless, and that too will call for explanation. Treasurer Morgenthau, said Pittman, "is not only prejudiced against domestic silver, but he is vindictive." Almost no one in Congress defended the purchase of foreign silver, of which, on April 30 of this year, we had 1,684,442,000 ounces for which we paid an average of 52.7¢ per ounce.

No one knows what might happen if we were to stop buying silver abroad. The value in the world market dropped 8¢ — to 35¢ per ounce — as soon as the Congress conferees agreed. Maybe nothing would happen. But the fact is that our Treasury is the silver market of last resort. If we quit underwriting Cardenas in Mexico by buying his

silver, he may be overthrown, and whoever follows may be even less neighborly than he has been. If we don't quit, other Latin Americans will assume that Mexico's oil raids have been condoned, and may take the hint. If we go on buying foreign silver, all the little countries that still have coins worth more than face as bullion will ship them to us. But if we stop buying, their mining and smelting and affiliated industries will be upset, after years of blooming as a result of our silver policy. Hitler hasn't much left to dump here, but whatever we do will have an effect on India and China and South America.

There is just this comfort, if it is a comfort. The Treasury does not pay for the silver it buys with regular money. It issues silver

certificates against each purchase, at an average printing cost of 1¢ a certificate. The purchases do not appear on the budget. You can't put your finger on it in the tax bill. But there is a dark cloud on this silver lining. When the certificates are issued they become money, can be deposited in banks and checked against. Silver buying is thus an inflation of currency, although, as the young lady said of her baby, "it is such a little one." Only \$1,250,000,000 of new silver money has been put out to date. It has been absorbed easily because a dollar is a dollar to the man in the street — for the time being.

The Great Silver Swindle, compounded in 1934 and fortified in 1939, will be here to plague us for a long time to come.



POINTLESS

BY MITCHELL HODGES

God was clever to make the world round,
For then the point can never be found.

THE ART OF THE OFF-COLOR STORY

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

I N the Middle Ages most artists were anonymous and poorly paid. It was the Renaissance, with its emphasis on the individual man, that ushered in modern times. We have all heard of Botticelli, da Vinci, Brunelleschi, Michelangelo, Christopher Wren, Erasmus, and Shakespeare — all of whom got their names before the public and were paid, often handsomely, for their artistic labors.

The Renaissance idea prospered and today it is dominant. No creative artist in our times turns out a painting, a skyscraper, a novel, or even a two-line poem without reasonable prospect of seeing his efforts rewarded with a credit to nurture his ego and a check to fatten his bankroll. Art demands praise and cash.

But even in this era of florid ballyhoo and colossal pay-checks there is one form of creative art which flourishes in anonymity and is not corrupted by the dollar sign. I refer to the art of the off-color story. I have heard dirty stories since childhood, and so have you.

Thousands of them. On trains and street-cars, at outings and smokers, in homes and offices. Modern social intercourse is scarcely imaginable without the ministrations of this ancient and ever-fresh art. But I have yet to meet a person who has acknowledged inventing one, or who even knows someone else who has done so. Nor have I a single juicy anecdote to my own credit. Like Chartres, Rheims, and certain medieval murals, the dirty story is a product of genius unacknowledged and unsung.

I'm not discussing the spur-of-the-moment off-color remark. We have all come up with spontaneous flashes of this sort. "Do you like bathing beauties?" you are asked, and if you happen to think of it you retort, "I don't know; I never bathed any." But these are not dirty stories. They are gags. A dirty story, as its very name implies, is a *story*, with definite plot, setting, and characters. It has technique, form, laws of development. It's art.

Let me illustrate with an elementary example which, of course,

you have heard a thousand times: A salesman stops at a farmer's house and asks to be put up over night. . . . *There's the setting, the bucolic atmosphere, a first draft of the characters.* . . . The farmer consents, but indicates that his house boasts only one bed, and that the stranger will therefore have to share it with him and his young wife. . . . *There's the dramatic situation, the problem: crowded accommodations, as always in farmhouse stories.* . . . At dinner the pretty wife serves coleslaw, the salesman's favorite dish. He has several helpings and asks for more, but the farmer, who also likes his coleslaw, won't give it to him. . . . *Now we have characterization and conflict: a desirable woman, two men crazy about coleslaw, the farmer conservative, the city-slicker salesman a potential menace.* . . . Soon the trio go to bed, the farmer in the middle. In the middle of the night, they are awakened by noises and discover that the barn is on fire. . . . *The intrusion of fate here; the impact of something exterior to the immediate setting, as in any good drama or narrative.* . . . The farmer rushes out to save his barn, and the woman whispers to the salesman, "Now's your chance, stranger!" So the salesman dashes down to the icebox, and eats the rest of the coleslaw.

I have heard this classic told of beans and rice pudding, but its essentials are the same — an unexpected denouement, but one that can logically occur. Here, **you** must agree, are many of the ingredients that go into great art. It is no mere episode; vary the setting or characters, slip up on the details, and a balanced tale becomes meaningless.

Often, of course, the characters do not have to be elaborated, because they happen to be types known to the listener. Stock figures are employed in many other ancient arts. "Have you heard the one about Hitler — Mae West — Charlie McCarthy — ?" But the main point is that the creator of the dirty story invents a tale and obtains his effects in the skill of his narration. He doesn't merely crack wise. In short, the quip about bathing beauties differs from the coleslaw classic in the same fashion that remarking that the South must have had an unpleasant time during the Civil War differs from writing *Gone With the Wind*. One is comment, the other art.

II

In an age when blood-donors, amateur tennis players, dwarfs, wrong-way fliers, tea-tasters, flag-pole sitters, fan-dancers, goldfish-eaters,

and thousands of other specialists capitalize on their talents, we have the curious paradox of the dirty story operating on a practically 100 per cent amateur basis — a Gothic set-up in an age of Hollywood, Winchell, and Simon and Schuster. The set-up *must* be an amateur one because a master of bawdiness cannot cash in on his talent. Magazines, theatres, book publishers, newspapers, and radio stations pay for material that will get by the censors, but most of the really great masterpieces of ribaldry cannot possibly be retailed by such media of communication to the general public.

It may be objected that these epics are sometimes revamped into skits or incorporated into songs for burlesque houses and uninhibited night clubs; or are cleaned up for reputable magazines, movies, and microphones. Everybody knows that bright young men put new coats and pants on old dirty stories, and make money in the process. But all that is beside the point. We are considering those who create art, not those who exploit it. The originators are aware that there isn't a nickel in it for themselves.

Indeed, I am doing these artists an injustice in demonstrating that their art cannot be commercialized. They are more likely the kind of

people who don't *want* their art commercialized. They create for the sheer joy of creating. Which is surely more than one can say for most writers of "clean" stuff. I have observed that the question most frequently put by would-be scribblers to established professionals is not "How good do you think it is?" but "Where do you think I should send it, and how much do you think I can get for it?"

No such thought enters the mind of him who makes up the ribald yarn. He is a genuine amateur, not in ability but in spirit — which is all-important. The contemporary world is a continual challenge to him. Every new industry, every new gadget, every new fad, every new political situation, and, particularly, every glamorous female in the public eye sets the wheels in his brain to turning. Others may grub for royalties and commissions and Hollywood salaries, but he is moved to give the world a new side-splitter about trailers, sun glasses, nudist colonies, trial marriages, Goebbels' love-life, the New Deal, or the cinema's latest Oomph Girl.

True, most dirty stories are variations on old ones which go back to Boccaccio or even into the dim recesses of antiquity. But in "clean" literature, doesn't the same thing

hold true? Are there not only a very few original plots, all of them millennia old? It is in skilful variations that true art lies. Beethoven used the same notes a third-rate Tin Pan Alley tunesmith does. How he arranged them was all-important. Shakespeare is supposed to have cribbed his *Macbeth* from Hollinshed's Chronicles. But it is Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, not Hollinshed's. Most dirty stories are concerned with what a man and a woman do or fail to do. But it is who they are, what they are like, and the circumstances that determine the artistic value of the story.

I think a toast is in order to the anonymous and unrewarded throwbacks to medieval times who have given us such enduring classics as

"Believe it or not, I was waiting for a street car," "Hey, mister, somebody stole my automobile!" "If you were a gentleman you would take off that fur coat!" "One, two, three, hello, sweetheart!" "I'm the damned fool who slept in the barn," "And for me — nothing?"

A toast is in order to the generous souls who invented the sagas of the traveling salesmen, the farmer's daughters, the beautiful stenographers, the bashful bridegrooms and brides, the legends of Pola Negri, Peaches Browning, Marlene Dietrich, and Mae West.

Unrewarded, did I say? A thousand times no. Even in this cynical and materialistic age, the old proverb still holds good. Lack of virtue is its own reward.



TWO RECIPES FOR PEACE

FOR THE USA

Shall the United States continue to sell instruments of death to the Hitler-Japanese war machine, to permit them to advance their plans of world conquest? Find the name of your congressman and wire him urging an embargo on Japan. This is the best thing you can do to keep America out of war.

— The communist *Sunday Worker*.

FOR THE USSR

The Soviet Union continues to buy and sell from and to the fascist countries because such a cessation of trade would be equivalent to a government embargo. Such a single-handed action by the Soviet Union would amount to a practical declaration of hostilities. . . . The Soviet Union must be careful not to allow itself, as Stalin said, "to be involved in conflicts by instigators of war. . . ."

— The Communist *New Masses*.

CAROL, RUMANIA'S GLAMOUR KING

BY WILLI SCHLAMM

His life might have been written by Anthony Hope and directed for the screen by Ernst Lubitsch. It has heart-throb, excitement, and glamour. His looks would qualify him to play the lead in person, even by Hollywood standards. But he won't resort to Hollywood; after a few false starts he is doing nicely in the profession he was born into. And he has a genuine talent for making money. Carol II of Rumania has proved himself the best business man among European Kings since Leopold of the Belgians turned the Congo into a profitable private enterprise. It is just possible that he may turn one of the neatest tricks ever attempted: the trick of making money out of Hitler.

In the modern world royalty, where it survives, has been largely divorced from power. Not so with Carol. He is boss in Rumania, his own Duce—owner, manager, head salesman. Though born to the throne, he is a self-made king. Until recently his country had the most democratic constitution in

Europe, an almost verbatim copy of the American Constitution. Today any Rumanian naïve enough to take this document seriously would be promptly jailed, and perhaps "shot while trying to escape" soon thereafter. Probably no democratic Rumanian would commit such an indiscretion, because—ironically enough—King Carol at the moment represents the only hope of Rumanians who love liberty and would safeguard it from Nazi raids.

Carol, who is now 46, is descended on his father's side from the princely German house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; on his mother's he is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. Rumanians are apt to shudder when they think of the German link. They are aware of Herr Hitler's far-fetched logic in enlarging his Third Reich; Balkan states under dynasties of German origin are exposed to that logic. But the British link gives them hope. Patriotic Rumanians are inclined to regard their sovereign's family connections with British royalty as a sort of insurance.

Carol's mother, who died last year, the fabulous Queen Marie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was born and educated in England. Her subjects were convinced that this fact not only saved their country during the World War but enabled it to come out as a real victor. When easy-going, helpless Ferdinand ascended the throne in 1914, the destinies of his nation came into the hands of his lovely and energetic wife. Marie hated Prussia, loved her native England, and had the diplomatic dexterity to make the Central Powers believe in the neutrality of Rumania until she could bring it into War at the most advantageous moment. The German army overran her country and dictated a brutal "peace." But in the fall of 1918 Queen Marie returned triumphantly to Bucharest from her hideout at Jassy, and within a few weeks the remnants of her defeated army had occupied enough Hungarian, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Russian territory to double the size of Rumania.

The Rumanians are a simple folk, and their philosophy of history is somewhat romantic. They really believe that the British Government helped the Rumanian cause out of chivalrous devotion to a beautiful English princess. Now they fancy that the British, for

sentimental reasons, will also help her handsome son. They do not care to know that, then as now, oil and not chivalry was the reason. King Carol is practical enough to remind London rather more of his oil than of his mother. Just recently he appears to have frightened the British Government — by a new Rumanian-German trade-agreement — to the point where Britain seems ready to guarantee effective military protection to the Rumanian Kingdom.

II

Carol has the reputation of being the most unsentimental of European statesmen. His realism knows no scruple, his energy has hardened into brutality, his business sense has turned to cynicism. He is, so to speak, his own Hitler, Goebels, and Goering. No doubt this is why it was the consensus among the foreign correspondents in Paris recently that he is Hitler's most dangerous adversary. Yet the youth of this man was like a sentimental novel. The modern psychologist might explain this paradox on the theory that, precisely because the young man found ample outlets for his romantic impulses, the mature man is no longer bedeviled by them.

Just out of his 'teens, Prince Carol shocked the royal court of Bucharest with the announcement that he had become a socialist and regarded the monarchic form of government as antiquated. Even if Carol I, then King, had not been a former Prussian cavalry officer, this heresy was bound to enrage him. He was already infuriated because his wife, Queen Elizabeth, was putting crazy notions into Rumanian skulls with her eccentric modern ideas about culture. She had gathered around her all the bohemians, literati, and parlor socialists of Rumania; and she manufactured a lot of inferior literature herself under the name of "Carmen Sylva." Thanks to her, Prince Carol had been sent, to prepare for his future profession, not into the army but to a university. And the university had made him a socialist! His great-uncle, quite understandably, lost his temper at last. He ordered the royal rebel to abandon his dangerous studies immediately and enter the army as an ordinary cadet.

But even greater domestic misfortune followed. Carol proceeded to fall in love with a little bourgeois girl, Zizi Lambrino. His mother, now Queen, could, of course, prevent the marriage, but already Carol possessed the talent

for profiting personally by catastrophe. When the Rumanian army was driven from the country by the Germans in the spring of 1918, he fled with it to Southern Russia. There, in Odessa, where his family was powerless to stop him, Carol married his Zizi. It was love, but it was also a political demonstration. "My studies and my experiences have made me a socialist, an anti-militarist, and a republican," he said to his friends. "I never want to hear anything about the army or politics—least of all about the crown." He was determined to enter some private profession.

If this were a scenario, it would be considered improbable. But being history the further career of the headstrong Carol must be told. It took a special law for King Ferdinand to annul Carol's marriage, on the grounds that it had been contracted without the consent of the head of the family. But a wise mother knows that the best way to help a young man to forget one woman is quickly to provide him with another. Wherefore Marie arranged for her son to meet the most beautiful of all the princesses available. Her name was Helen, and she was a sister of the king of Greece. The meeting took place in Switzerland, where Helen

was sharing the exile of her father, the deposed King Constantine. Helen didn't fall madly in love with the handsome prince — either because Carol had not sufficiently recovered from the Zizi affair to be a very ardent suitor, or because she herself had not quite recovered from a previous attachment to the bravest, handsomest, and stupidest officer of the Greek army. Still, life in Switzerland was dull, and to become Crown Princess of Rumania was at least an escape. The glamorous marriage took place in Athens on March 10, 1921. In due course came the birth of a son. And — for Carol — boredom.

His boredom had already become unbearable when Crown Prince Carol made the acquaintance of a smart young woman with light red hair and lovely white skin. She was the daughter of a Bucharest financier named Woolf — Magdalena Woolf, destined to achieve worldwide notoriety as Madame Lupescu. Legend has done Magda Woolf gross injustice. Countless newspaper stories have turned her into a seductive Circe, or a modern Pompadour. Nothing is farther from the facts. Miss Woolf was certainly beautiful and charming. But she had much more than sex appeal. All who have known her describe her as a woman of ex-

traordinary intelligence, more than average culture, and a rare political acumen. She would have become an important personage even without Carol. On the other hand, there is justifiable doubt as to whether Carol would have become quite the King he is without Miss Woolf.

At first the affair proceeded in exact conformity with the traditional rules for extra-marital love affairs of crown princes. When the country was seething with gossip about the forthcoming blessed event in Miss Woolf's household, she was hurriedly married to an officer of the prince's guard who was eager to be of service. And so Carol's third son acquired an official father. (Besides his child by Princess Helen he had a first son by Zizi.) For awhile Mother Marie breathed again, for Madame Lupescu now lived in splendid exile in the exclusive hotels of Vienna, Paris, and Nice; she seemed to have been removed forever from proximity to Prince Carol. Then one day Carol disappeared from Bucharest. For the second time he had decided to renounce Rumania and the crown. He met Magdalena in Italy and went with her to France, then to England. Queen Marie could not even starve him out. When checks from Bucharest

failed to arrive, Carol, with the assistance of the commercially talented Magdalena, learned the art of earning money. The financiers who took him on because of his valuable connections were pleasantly surprised when they discovered his business efficiency.

During the first few years Carol's exile was voluntary. Twice he made brief visits to Bucharest, and twice he returned to his life-partner. Already he had become too much of a European and much too modern to be able to breathe the stuffy air of Bucharest court life. Besides, he developed more and more pronounced opposition to the internal policies of Rumania. His profitable deals with Western European banking houses extinguished the socialism of his student days, and convinced him also that the half-oriental Rumania was in need of modernization. In 1925 Carol voluntarily renounced the throne. Some weeks later, the Rumanian parliament passed a law excluding him from the succession. Carol, in Nice at the time, was much amused. He wanted nothing better than to enjoy an interesting private life. And his private life became very interesting indeed. Madame Lupescu and he had money, independence, and amusing friends. They did not

choose their friends from the sterile European nobility, but from its artists, scientists, and politicians.

III

In 1927, Carol's father died and Carol's son, Michael, at the age of 6, became King. From this moment Carol knew no peace. He had renounced the throne because Bucharest court life and internal politics were repulsive to him. But now, when his son had so soon and so unexpectedly become King, he felt a strong urge to return. Vanity and ambition were reawakened, and he began to feel just a little ridiculous. Further, those court-circles whose stupidity had caused him to flee Bucharest had now, as members of the Council of Regents, all power in their hands and were endangering the future of the country. For awhile he just looked on. Then, suddenly, he interfered — in his usual adventurous and romantic manner.

One day in 1930, to the complete surprise of Rumania and the rest of the world, Carol stepped from an airplane in Bucharest, and a few days later had himself crowned King. The energy of this *putsch* was so staggering that Carol's enemies in Bucharest simply did not have time to start a counter-action.

They found themselves confronted with a man who, from the very first moment, knew exactly what he wanted.

And what did he want? If one thinks of politics as the rigid application of certain ideological formulas, then it may well be doubted that Carol has any political line at all. But if politics means the art of skilfully using conditions to one's own advantage, then Carol may be counted among the ablest politicians in Europe. His program is simple: Rumania is one of the few real victors of the World War, and this victory must not be wiped out. Carol is completely indifferent about the means by which Rumania's possessions shall be defended.

He was really quite willing to play the game of democratic foreign policy in the "Little Entente," along with Dr. Beneš. When he saw that Czechoslovakia paid for this game with her life, Carol was willing to co-operate voluntarily with Hitler, before he should be made to do so by force. When the test case of post-Munich Czechoslovakia showed that Hitler did not want co-operation but occupation, Carol let it be known in London that he would participate in a genuine military alliance against the Third Reich. And if it should become apparent that Eng-

land, once again, is frightened by her own audacity, then Carol will certainly not need twenty-four hours to make up his mind to join the Berlin-Rome axis. He has no principles, no scruples, but only the determined will to remain in power.

Carol is totally devoid of that cultured sense of responsibility which prevented Dr. Beneš from giving the order to shoot at the decisive moment. That there is nothing of Hamlet in his nature was proved when he "liquidated" Codreanu, the late leader of Rumania's fascist "Iron Guard." In November 1938, after a dazzling visit to London, Carol had an audience with Hitler. The Führer wanted to get the King's confidence, and divulged the secret that he was not overmuch interested in Codreanu, whom the whole world took to be a Nazi agent. Immediately after this conversation, Carol telephoned to Bucharest. Two days later, Codreanu was "shot while trying to escape."

There can be no doubt that Carol is willing to join an anti-Hitler bloc which means business. Naturally he is not disturbed about Hitler's brutal tyranny over the German people; on the contrary, he shows a deep understanding of tyrants. What bothers him is that Hitler's Germany has developed a

violent appetite for Rumanian territory. And, unlike Mr. Chamberlain, Carol cannot convince himself that Germany's imperialistic dreams are nothing but dreams. Twenty-one years ago, Rumania had an overdose of what Germany is capable of doing to a country which falls under its heel. It is an achievement of German propaganda that, of all the peace treaties resulting from the War, the world in general remembers only that of Versailles.

But Rumanians have not forgotten the peace pact which, in May 1918, Germany dictated at Bucharest — a pact which for sheer bestiality makes the treaty of Versailles look like a regulation of the Salvation Army. They know what would confront them should they ever happen to come under a German "protectorate." They know how greedily the Third Reich is working toward the realization of such a protectorate. Rumania exports 2,000,000 tons of grain, 1,500,000 cubic meters of lumber, 7,000,000 tons of oil — in other words, the equivalent of Germany's whole deficit in grain, a third of its present deficit in lumber, and almost the whole of its deficit in oil. Rumania is at the top of the Nazi menu; Carol has no illusions about that.

He has, of course, learned something from Madame Lupescu: you can make a profitable deal only if the other party knows that he must compete for what you have to offer. Before Carol started to negotiate with London, he first discussed with Germany a trade agreement which would mean the peaceful delivery of Rumania — if it should ever become really effective. Should Chamberlain give military guarantees and grant British loans, the Rumanian trade agreement with Germany would remain just a scrap of paper. But the military guarantees would have to be 100 per cent genuine, and the loans would have to be fat ones, because you cannot cheat King Carol. He may have had a more romantic youth than a Birmingham merchant but he understands business matters just as well as Mr. Chamberlain.

The glamour prince, the romantic *homme à femmes*, has become a key figure of European history. In Austria and Czechoslovakia, Hitler faced opponents who were the cultured children of an enfeebled Nineteenth Century civilization. In Rumania he faces a man with a flair for adventure and an unlimited appetite for power. A man who, no less than Hitler himself, loves to live dangerously.

YANKEES ARE HUMAN

BY DAVID L. GRAHAM

THE national illusion that every Yankee is a puritan and a sourpuss is as unyielding as New England's stern and rockbound coast. My wife and I settled in Maine simply because we craved an old house and a farm by the sea, and despite the fact that our neighbors, by common repute, were a tight-fisted, puritanical crew who would sell us down the river, if we let them, to a passel of sanctimonious, psalm-singing bluenoses.

What astonished and delighted us, therefore, was not so much the friendly welcome (cordiality being two-thirds curiosity) but something far more precious — tolerance! This in spite of the fact that we have made no secret of our liberalism, winebibbing, and free verse — in the state that produced Prohibition and regards the Republican Party as the bulwark of civilization. We are considered a little queer; but in an individualistic community like ours that goes for nearly everybody — except the summer people, who are considered mad.

After sweltering in the puritanical atmosphere of the South and West, we have found a new life in the serenity of Yankee tolerance. Of course, there are retreats like Sante Fe and Greenwich Village where some moral *laissez-faire* survives, but such communities cater to “artistic” groups. For ordinary all-around native tolerance, without frills and self-consciousness, there is only New England. We've found plenty of conservatism, but no puritanism in the derogatory popular sense.

The Yankee we know is a small farmer, fisherman, or craftsman of some sort. He has a constant quiet twinkle in his eye, and although he talks easily enough if he thinks you're worth it, he never loses the air of knowing more than he chooses to tell. He somehow makes you feel that his ancestors had the opportunity of sailing on the *Mayflower* but passed it up because of the vulgar notoriety it would bring their descendants. As much as anybody, the Yankee is a product of his environment. It is profitless to re-

proach him, as outsiders with a metropolitan point of view have done, for being independent, self-sufficient, stubborn, cautious, and thrifty — qualities without which he never would have been able to survive his environment. These amount, however, to a defensive individualism, not an offensive puritanism.

Puritanism nowadays has degenerated into prudishness, with a passion for euphemisms and a horror of passion. But the puritans of old, however straitlaced, were not averse to rum and bundling. Certainly the Yankees we know are not prudes, for the briny winds of a long and tempestuous seacoast have seasoned these people of Maine. They are careful to take all protestations of virtue with a grain of salt, and there is plenty of salt. To them righteousness is more palatable if it has been blended with experience and aged in the keg, so to speak. Prudishness, on the other hand, is a product of the freshwater universities and tramontane morality. As for Prohibition, it was the sop the alcoholics of Maine tossed their Carrie Nations. The prohibitionists got the law on the statute books and the drinkers kept the hard cider in their cellars — a sensible arrangement, and a tribute to their tolerance and realism.

Yankees are considered prudes because they don't go around boasting about their excesses in an epoch when you get credit only for the vices you advertise. But boasting about last night's binge is against Yankee tradition; they'd as soon divulge how much money they have in the bank. Although there is far more desire and devilry under the elms than under any other kind of a tree, the Yankee gloats over his sharp practices only. It seems to be a matter of principle with him to put his worst foot forward, a sort of social bravado. But of his courage, his generosity, his patience, his use of the bottle, and his rugged lubricity he makes no mention. Thus the rich full life of the average Yankee flows on quietly beneath the frozen surface of his traditional reticence — unvaunted, unhonored, and unsung.

II

In insisting on the humanity of Yankees, the ample soul behind the tight lips, we don't mean to imply a readiness to accept new ideas. The Yankee and his thinking derive from a culture that was tenacious rather than luxuriant. He is a man of strong principles — one of which is tolerance, another independence. His hatred of being

interfered with doubtless begat his horror of interfering with others. Where we live, this passion for leaving people alone amounts to a mania. Perhaps that explains why a relatively large number of Maine's mental defectives remain at large. We know a man who has been committed to the asylum more than thirty times, but because the community's disapproval of coercion is so strong, he is released again as soon as he shows improvement. In the same spirit the Yankee hordes that commodity which people elsewhere are so generous with — advice. Not until you ask for it, and then only with the greatest reluctance, will a Yankee trespass on your individuality by telling you how to do something. A true democrat, he senses the paternalism of advice and shuns it.

It is no accident that in Maine and Vermont, the only states where Yankee philosophy is still unquestionably in the ascendant, the crime rate is low and lynching unheard of. This is the more remarkable because language, religious, and racial differences between the old Anglo-Saxon stock and the recently arrived French-Canadians offer ample cause for trouble. The French-Canadians, with their lower standard of living and their strong ethnic solidarity, now make up

more than half the population of many mill towns. But there has been no violence preached or perpetrated against them, for violence is the quintessence of intolerance, that fundamental Yankee taboo.

The cardinal virtue of colonial New England was thrift. Like any virtue when turned into a fetish, thrift has a tendency to fester. But in appreciating the value of money, the Yankee shows a trait common to civilized races the world over — the Scotch, the French, the Chinese. Money is not easily won from the granite ledges and icy waters of New England; and not being a leisure class group, but chiefly farmers, fishermen, and artisans with a first-hand knowledge of how wealth is created, Yankees are the last to be lured into extravagance. Such habits of mind, held over from colonial times, have ceased to be considered virtuous when mass-production must flow like a mill-race or stagnate. The thrifty Yankee who was the hero of pioneer economics is a heretic to modern business. His frugality, both of goods and ideas, is denounced as stinginess, contrariness, reaction. Well, the traveling salesman will have to realize that, where savings banks are still the pillars of society, spending will not be recognized as a social obligation.

It is also true, of course, that the Yankee greets the annual influx of tourists with somewhat the same enthusiasm as a run of salmon. But in what part of the world are tourists not regarded as fair game? Chaucer records that inn-keepers were battenning off them six hundred years ago. The accommodation of travelers is just another business, whether in Hopewell or Hong Kong.

III

Though the Yankee may be loath to part with hard-earned cash, he is generous with his time and labor, for his tradition lays down the solemn duty to help those in distress. In consequence, the Yankee has a morbid dread of passing for a poor neighbor. The community spirit of many New England settlements is equalitarian: they all own farms of about the same size, none has any great political or economic advantage over the other, and any sort of an emergency is met by the combined energies of the group. Repeatedly, for instance, our neighbors have volunteered a full day of haying, gardening, cutting ice or wood for one of us who was disabled or in trouble. Dicker-ing is the Yankee's delight and he is not unwilling to profit by another's

foolishness, but not by his misfortune. All human intercourse he regards as a battle of wits, but once a truce has been called he pitches in and helps.

That fear of being known as a poor neighbor is the only anxiety of a Yankee's soul. No kind of snobbery with its attendant terrors and triumphs corrodes him. He scorns to enter the daily grind of keeping up with the Joneses, that nightmare of most Americans. In the petty rivalries of display and expenditure he does not figure because he lacks this competitive sense, priding himself more on what he does without.

This independence, characteristic of a cultural stillwater, may impede the rush of assembly-line progress, but it also bestows a sort of dignity upon these few who have not been drawn into the whirlpools of Babbitttry. People who, on account of business and social pressure, live in dread of being thought old-fashioned, shabby, or hard-up, condemn the Yankee for not kneeling to materialism. But the Yankee is wise enough to be himself and let it go at that. He wears no mask to embarrass him by falling down; he erects no false front to humiliate him by crumbling to pieces. Most Yankees, therefore, clam-diggers or whatever they may be, have the calm self-posses-

sion of kings, while in these troublous times captains of industry, bankers, and politicians are never more than half-triumphant over a bad case of the jitters. The Yankee, whose philosophy embraces catastrophe and whose assets are character and time, remains tranquil. He has learned much from his quarry, the clam.

We like living among the Yankees if only because of their sense of humor. It is a sophisticated, sardonic humor, not sophisticated because of a leisure-class bias nor hopped to the ears with sex, but sophisticated in the sense of being realistic, disillusioned. One of our neighbors, for instance, insisted that her husband must be more than seventy years old; nobody, she said, could get as dirty as he is in seventy years. Yankee humor is creative as well as critical; it chiefly consists in making one's own sharp, pithy comments on men and affairs instead of parroting other peoples' funny stories. Thus the New England town-meeting, the last survival in America of pure democracy, which elsewhere would be a dreary babble of statisticians and right-thinking men, is as entertaining as a performance by Will Rogers — a continuous stream of pungent wisecracks and common sense, in which even fiscal facts

spring from the ledger and crackle like live wires.

To persons used to the twilight-sleep of radio punning, Yankee humor may be as disconcerting as a snowball behind the ear. The Yankee likes to whip over his wisecracks with all the speed he can pack. Yet there's nothing mean or underhanded about this. Next to dickerer, it's the regional sport. And the receiver is expected to think up an annihilating comeback in the twinkling of a blue eye. This spirited give and take is the joy of New England; it keeps a man on his toes and discourages vain brooding about the weather, the soil, and the sea — ungenerous all.

It must be admitted that the Yankee is no longer in the forefront of American progress. Detroit is nearer the hub of our universe than Boston. Industrialism is in the saddle and we are far gone toward collectivism, although it is not yet clear whether we are galloping back to a militaristic feudal society or forward to a new freedom. In any case, the nineteenth century with its Yankee ideals of democracy, self-reliance, reason, and tolerance is being put to the question. Whatever changes are coming, the Yankee, I am convinced, will be the salt of whatever civilization he's a part.

► *A leading authority on crime demonstrates
that in America homicide begins at home.*

DIVORCE BY MURDER

BY COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

A FARMER in Iowa staggered to the home of neighbors and half fell in the door.

"Quick!" he begged. "Call the sheriff! Burglars! They beat me with an iron rod. God only knows what they did to my wife and daughter!"

About the same time, a bereaved wife sat talking to a district attorney in Illinois. It was difficult for her to speak without sobbing: "I don't know how my husband could think of such a terrible thing. All of a sudden, he grabbed up a shotgun and braced the butt against the floor. Then he put his head to the muzzle, bent over and pulled the trigger. It was horrible."

And in Oklahoma, an injured woman crawled from beneath a wrecked automobile. She was bleeding from terrific injuries; dying, she cried: "Find my husband! Find out what happened to my husband!"

What ultimately happened to the husband was that he was convicted of murder; it seems that he had battered in his wife's head with

a hammer and then, believing her dead, had driven the car into a ditch in an effort to create the illusion that she had been killed in the wreck. As for the other cases, up-to-date law enforcement men followed what is becoming more and more a routine type of investigation. Convinced by experience that murder begins at home, they looked close to the domestic hearth for clues before pursuing will-of-the-wisp stories about murderous burglars or spectacular suicides.

They were quite correct. The spouse was guilty in each case. The farmer had beaten his wife to death and hit himself a few weak blows to support his story of invaders, and the grieving wife had made a slight error in her story to the district attorney, inasmuch as it had been she who had put the shotgun to her husband's head and pulled the trigger. These murders, plus hundreds of others each year, were committed to save the "scandal" of a divorce, so a preferred member of the eternal triangle could be loved without interference.

There was a time when it was highly dangerous for an intruder to invade the sanctity of a marital domain. Modes and viewpoints, however, have changed; today it is much more hazardous to be the wife of a Don Juan, or the husband of a playgirl wife, than to be the interloper. For every woman or man killed for trampling upon the rights of a home, at least ten times that many husbands or wives are shot, poisoned, drowned, burned to death, slain in "wrecked" cars, or bashed on the head because they have stood in the way of illicit love affairs. How many such cases occur each year is impossible to determine. Even in relation to known cases of murder, details of vital statistics are so loosely handled in many communities as to make them mere guesswork. Beyond this, one must gauge the unknown, for it is a certainty that for every murder of this type solved there is at least one other, and perhaps more, where the killer gets away with it.

In this murderers are aided by lax or inefficient law enforcement, by dumb doctors, coroners, and autopsy surgeons, and by public servants who are afraid to risk their tenure of office by prying into suspicious deaths. There are normally more than 60,000 cases of heart failure each year, 3000 cases of

pleurisy, 90,000 (or more) deaths from "stomach trouble," 7000 drownings, 2000 deaths in fire, 6000 deaths in car-wrecks, 1500 poisonings listed as accidental, and 20,000 deaths in which the cause was ill-defined, unknown, or not specified by the attending physician. In all these it is certain that murder has stalked to a goodly degree, and the killers allowed to escape without trial, arrest, or even suspicion. This statement rests on the fact that numerous deaths attributed to these forms of natural or accidental demise have later been found to have been cold-blooded murder. In many cases this discovery has not been made until the slayer has played a repeat performance, sometimes years afterward. Witness, for example, the instance of Florence Peters of Wisconsin.

You probably never heard of Mrs. Peters, although she was quite a girl as Borgias go. In other days she might have been known from one end of the country to the other, but today, unless the participants are widely known, or some highly unusual method of disposal is employed—like the use of a rattlesnake in a Los Angeles wife-murder—there is little news in a husband or wife killing a partner in order to enjoy more freely the third side of a triangle. So Mrs.

Peters was regarded in news-rooms as mere run-of-the-mill. Yet hers was a striking example of how husbands or wives kill to save the expense, or the "ordeal," of a divorce, and all too often get away with it.

Florence Peters liked to dally in strange beds, although she was married to a man named Henry Kessinich. They had two children, which she did not seem to regard as a detriment to her inconstancy, but Henry was decidedly in the way. So one day she fed him arsenic, and when the symptoms became sufficiently acute, sent him to a hospital where he was treated for what was diagnosed as intestinal flu. He died.

Life was fun for a few years until one John Peters argued Florence into marrying him on the basis that he could better support her children. Still everything went well until Mrs. Peters fell in love with a 21-year-old farm hand, named Elmer. It was eight years after Kessinich had died, but Mrs. Peters had not forgotten her technique. She fed Peters a glass of milk, well tintured with arsenate of lead, and then sent him, another sufferer from "intestinal flu," to the very hospital where her former husband had died!

This time, however, hospital doctors observed that the breath of

John Peters had a distinct garlic odor, a non-existent symptom of intestinal flu but a determining factor in arsenic poisoning. An investigation began, which was continually hampered by John's insistence that his loving wife wouldn't think of poisoning him. Moreover, he recovered under treatment and scoffed at the idea of prosecution. He didn't even believe it when officers caught Florence and Elmer in bed together. So it finally was necessary to go back eight years. Permission was obtained to exhume the body of Kessinich. Laboratory tests showed the presence of arsenic, even after nearly a decade. Mrs. Peters went to prison — and John, at last reports, was still loyally caring for her two children.

A few decades ago such a crime would have been front-page news the country over; nowadays it is one of hundreds of cases of crime on the domestic hearth and, except locally, gets only a few sticks on the inside pages.

II

There are dozens of instances in which husband-and-wife murder has been unearthed in spite of the insistence of the entire family that everything was straight. In several

of these cases, children have actually been confederates of the murdering father or mother. In others, fear has been the compelling motive for silence. Nor are neighbors always to be depended upon, although as a rule they are the impelling motives behind investigation. It is quite probable, for instance, that Everett Applegate and Mary Creighton would not have died in the electric chair for the murder of Mrs. Ada Applegate of Baldwin, Long Island, had it not been for suspicious neighbors. Everything went swimmingly until an anonymous note reached the police instigating that an inquiry be made.

In many cases, neighbors have called the police, usually anonymously, to tell of family quarrels, the presence of the "other man" or "other woman," conversational slips in which poison has been mentioned, or even the borrowing of a revolver or shotgun with which a killing by "bandits" or "burglars" has been achieved. However, there are just as many home-sweet-home killings in which neighbors have had actual knowledge of homicide, and have remained silent. An example is the killing of a 50-year-old woman in San Pedro, California, by her 67-year-old husband.

According to first reports, this woman was a smoke victim. Fire-

men, called to extinguish a small blaze in the home, found her stretched across a bed, unconscious. Hospitalization, however, revealed bruises, contusions, and fractures; she died without regaining consciousness. The husband's explanations were so inconsistent that detectives trailed him, finally to listen in through a bawdy-house keyhole while this aged murderer bragged to a prostitute with whom he was infatuated about how he had "killed his wife without the cops finding it out." The police broke down the door and dragged Romeo to jail—and then they learned that at least a dozen neighbors could have saved them a great deal of trouble. They actually had seen the husband knock his wife down, beat her, kick her, jump upon her prostrate body, then drag her into the house only a few moments before smoke had begun to issue from the windows. And they had said nothing.

Most such violent "divorces" are puerile in conception, childish in execution, and moronic in efforts at concealment. Nevertheless, police work being what it is in numerous communities, it is almost a certainty that far more spouse-killers evade punishment than ever are captured. It took six years, for instance, to catch Harve Hoffee's

wife and her paramour, Charles Flynn. Even then the primary detective did not wear a star. He was Harve's brother.

The attending physician said Harve had died of lockjaw, but that didn't seem right to the brother. Harve had cut his thumb a few days before death, and the symptoms were quite unusual — convulsions and tremors and bending and all the things which the average person has seen a poisoned dog undergo.

Nevertheless, Harve officially died of lockjaw. Once before he had been "sick" after eating oysters, his wife said. And only a half-hour before his death he had taken a "headache capsule." These things, plus the fact that the brother trailed his sister-in-law and her lover to a hotel where they registered as man and wife only a short time after the husband's death, kept suspicion on the job. The brother gained the assistance of officers and the trail lasted for six years, until finally letters were found in which the murderous pair discussed their crime. Thus, in 1937, they were sentenced to prison for a murder committed in 1931 — and which would have been discovered in 1931 had an autopsy been performed on this man who had died so strangely.

In practically every confession, it is revealed that little consideration was given to possible astuteness by coroner or police or sheriff or constable — which is sometimes a mistake. There was J. Clifton Abdell, of Norfolk, Virginia, who wanted to get rid of his wife for a woman with whom he lived under an assumed name. So he knocked her unconscious, put a blanket over her head, and turned on the jets of a nearby gas stove. In this case, he misjudged the police; the first thing they questioned was how this blanket could be so carefully smoothed out by a woman who, supposedly, was yanking it over her head in an effort to commit suicide. Then they asked Abdell's children if two suicide notes found in the house were in their mother's writing. "Oh, no," they answered. "Papa wrote those and Mama found them a few days before all this happened."

There was bad figuring also in the murder of Mrs. Blanche Landis, the wife of a Washington, D. C., fireman. She was found on a road, battered and unconscious. Washington detectives found that the woman's engagement ring and watch were missing and later discovered that these had been given by the husband to a young woman who, believing him single, was engaged

to him. Landis had beaten his wife to death, figuring that "the police would never know."

A man in Texas hit his wife on the head with a club and told the sheriff that a horse had kicked her to death. But there were no marks of a hoof on her skull, so the husband got life. Another husband in New Jersey, after fifteen years of married life, fell in love with a 21-year-old girl, and beat his wife to death to avoid the "disgrace" of a divorce. His inane story of mysterious assassins got him a life sentence.

Then there was Clarence Duncan, who beat his wife to death in their home in Taylor County, Texas, poured kerosene over her body and touched a match to the pyre. She gave birth to a baby while dying. A heavy monkey wrench was found in the bed with the two corpses. Clarence got away with it, and married Billie, the jook-joint girl, for whom he had done all this. In fact, he was so clever that only a limited number of persons knew of his crime. Unfortunately, one of these was Old Man Jones, who ran the tavern where Billie had worked, and who wanted her for himself. He told Duncan that, if he didn't pass over Billie, he would inform the sheriff just what that monkey wrench had been used for. So

Duncan killed Jones. Billie talked, and Duncan got an aggregate sentence of thirty-five years.

III

These cases, however, represent the intelligentsia of connubial murder compared to the case of the two Elmers, in Patrick County, Virginia. There was Elmer Recs, 40, and Elmer Mabry, 20. Allegedly they went squirrel hunting together — at least Elmer Mabry said so, when he came into the sheriff's office and announced that he had been forced to kill Elmer Recs in self-defense. Old Elmer allegedly had got mad at nothing and had "sot on" Young Elmer, so what could Young Elmer do but fill him full of shot? Then Young Elmer requested that, if Mrs. Recs, 39, should show up, she be sent right in to see him. Instead, the sheriff saw Mrs. Recs and she immediately announced, "That young rat killed my husband in cold blood." So the sheriff went back to the jail and accused Young Elmer of murder. "Mrs. Recs says so," he announced. That inflamed young Elmer. "Yes, I murdered him," he said. "But she put me up to it; said she'd marry me if I'd do it."

Next they arrested Mrs. Recs. For days this pair fought like a

pair of pigs caught under a fence; they squealed and accused, and heaped vileness upon each other. Where love had been, hate now was tops. But the day after Elmer got forty years and his paramour twenty-five, they began the most avid exchange of love notes in the history of that part of the country. Figure that one out for yourself.

A step higher, socially, on the murder scale was the case of Reginald Tracy, an Iowa churchman, who went slumming one night and met a girl known as Flossie the Floozey, later described by the court as a "married woman of loose morals." In fact her morals must have been thoroughly disjoined, since Tracy found her in a house of prostitution. Flossie had what Tracy's choir-singing wife lacked. But, as he told Flossie, he just couldn't submit his wife to the injustice of a divorce. So they decided to kill her.

Mrs. Tracy, however, was durable. Tracy took her out one night and parked her in a car at the edge of a cliff. Then Flossie came speeding along in another automobile, and bumped into her. A tree saved the victim's car from a plunge over the cliff. Mrs. Tracy got out, remarked upon the recklessness of some drivers and dismissed the subject. They discussed poisoning

her but gave that up. Then they hired a gangster to shoot her, but he ran out on the job. Finally, for \$1000, they got a man, who is still at large, to do the job. He trailed Mrs. Tracy and shot her to death in her automobile. By this time, however, everybody in town knew about Tracy and Flossie the Floozey — to say nothing of stool-pigeon information concerning the hiring of gangsters. So Tracy was hanged and Flossie got life, while the gangster still has \$800 coming to him. Tracy and Flossie made only a down-payment on the job.

It is strange that in these casual days of divorce, anyone should even consider violent death in preference to freedom by the courts. Yet in a great majority of the cases — except where insurance is involved — the confession reveals that the killer has recoiled from the "disgrace" attendant upon legal separation. A great number of husbands and wives who murder their partners do so for the profound reason that "their station in life will not permit them to undergo the degradation of divorce." What would their friends think? And how would it affect their standing in church? The annual roll of spouse-killers is well sprinkled with deacons, elders, collection-plate passers, organ-players, choir

singers, Sunday School teachers, and even ministers, who apparently believe that heaven is closer to the murderer than to the divorced.

Modern methods of law enforcement demand that there be rigid investigation regarding the private life of the surviving member whenever a husband or wife dies accidentally, unless there are circumstances or competent eye-witnesses

to support the facts as related by the survivor. But in the majority of American communities advanced methods of detection are unknown, and the investigation of deaths is a routine affair that shuts its eyes to suspicious circumstances. And in the meantime more husbands kill their wives — and wives husbands — than the average citizen ever imagines.



THE LOW-DOWN

BY BEN BAXTER

THANKS to the commentators, specialists and such,
The news presents no mystery — or shall we say, not much?
Take the foreign picture, pared down to essentials,
Stripped of wishful thinking and garnished with potentials,
Discounting intangibles, like weather or whether not,
And barring major accidents, this is what we've got:
War is surely coming, lads, leave that to the Axes,
Unless conditions take a turn and tension then relaxes;
Not a chance for war, my lads, think of fiscal factors,
Tidal waves of discontent, aeroplanes and tractors,
Appeasement and encirclement, united fronts and rears,
Match one against the other and the situation clears;
Weighing rival armaments, though that's no end of bother,
We may forecast a victory for one side or the other,
Depending on the trends, that is, of old and new alignments,
Purges, harvests, home morale, and other cute refinements;
For caution's sake assess the rôles of Czechs and the Ukrainians,
The Tyrolese, Carpathians, Slavophiles, Rumanians,
To realize that war is near and rears its bloody head,
Ready to withdraw again if peace breaks out instead.

JAPAN CAN'T RULE CHINA

BY HALLETT ABEND

Chief New York Times Correspondent in China

JAPAN'S tremendous sacrifices and investments in more than two years of warfare in China are likely to prove useless. All the brilliant victories of her army are likely to fail in achieving ultimate triumph; her seeming conquests will probably be frittered away without bringing the hoped-for benefits to the nation — all because the Japanese seem curiously deficient in the political sagacity necessary to become a great colonial power. Their intense will-to-power is not backed up by those talents for painless administration and for winning over colonial populations which are as essential to successful empire building as military strength. Those very qualities which have made the army victorious in large measure destroy the value of its conquests, for it is army domination which makes Japan unable to placate conquered peoples.

The greatest obstacle to Japanese success in China is not a matter of troops, guns, airplanes, or even economic endurance. It is in the

character of her colonial methods. Formosa, Korea, Manchoukuo all demonstrate that Japanese overlordship tends to become a kind of permanent war instead of a stabilized colonial control. This is an aspect of the complex Far Eastern picture rarely drawn into clear focus by Western observers.

Neutral military experts on the scene, taking into account China's vast expanse and population, are convinced that Japan can never raise armies large enough to take over all of China, and can never sustain the financial and economic burden of supporting the maximum uniformed forces which her population can furnish. They are aware, further, that even though China could be "conquered" to the extent of military occupation of all her cities and lines of communication, the Chinese people could not be subjugated, or even placated — not, that is, by the only methods which the Japanese seem able to understand and apply.

Today Japan would like to make

peace; most of her moves in relation to England, for instance, are pointed in that direction. She is clearly ready to abandon the idea of conquest and domination of all of China, and would be grateful for a precarious settlement that would permit her puppets to control the coastal provinces while a potentially hostile "ChineseChina" continued to exist in the vast interior. Such a peace would in reality be only a truce, for the free portion of the Chinese continent would strain persistently to rearm for a war of revenge, and political propaganda and conspiracy would keep Japanese-dominated areas in continuous secret ferment.

Japan's only hope of a genuine colonial victory is in striving for the physical and economic rehabilitation of the regions devastated and conquered by her armies. If they can quickly be made prosperous once more, if Japan can support her army of occupation with profits from the lands she has invaded, then she might be able to prepare for another jump ahead. She could then at least be ready to meet the inevitable challenge from a China rearmed and reorganized. But that genius for adjustment is precisely what the Japanese, in all their attempts at empire building, have shown themselves without.

By mid-July of this year, when the war entered its third year, Nippon's armies already held practically the entire Chinese seacoast and most of China's great cities. Yet Tokyo itself does not claim that it has actually conquered the country, while the outside world is increasingly convinced that China cannot be conquered. Admitting that Japan by this time has won every objective for which she had started, it remains more obvious than ever that "time and space" are on China's side, and that Japan is still as far from decisive victory as she was on the night of July 7, 1937, when a few scattering rifle shots near Marco Polo Bridge, in the environs of Peking, started this grim and long-drawn-out contest.

In a military sense Japan has already won the war. But in the larger sense only China can defeat China. Today Japan's hopes of genuine victory rest not upon military considerations but upon an estimate of Chinese national and personal character: Japan still expects political disruption and counts upon the proverbial Chinese willingness to compromise and bargain to displace the present unified will to resistance.

When the strategic and military history of this undeclared war is finally written, it will show that

Japan accomplished wonders, considering the relatively small forces she has used. After two years of fighting, Japan's army in China proper — that is, in China south of the Great Wall and not counting Manchoukuo — does not exceed 500,000 men. To this force has been entrusted the task of maintaining a loosely held "front line" stretching about 3100 miles from Hangkow Bay in the vicinity of Shanghai to northwestern Suiyuan province near the borders of Outer Mongolia. This means an average of only 161 men to the mile, even if it were true that all this army was distributed along the so-called front line. But actually only about half of the army of occupation is anywhere near the front. The rest are used to garrison occupied towns and cities, to guard railways, highways, and canals and raid and pursue the guerilla and semi-bandit bands which ceaselessly harass the invaders.

Another 500,000 troops are concentrated in Manchoukuo where there is a 4000 mile frontier to be guarded. Apparently it would require at least 500,000 men more to clean up the occupied areas in China proper, to disperse the guerillas, and make possible the resumption of farming, trade, and manufacturing. It is doubtful if

Japan could endure such a further drain upon her man-power, for already there is a serious shortage of unskilled and farm labor in the islands of the Japanese Empire. Women are doing the work of men in the fields and mines and thousands of high school boys are being drafted for labor in munitions plants.

In most of the occupied areas, Japan's authority, and the authority of her puppet governments, actually does not extend beyond the range of the army's machine guns. This means that after two years Japan has not yet begun to make a profit from her gamble with fate. If the army in China does not soon begin to support itself upon the territory it occupies, the economic effects upon Japan may become disastrous. Militarily, economically, and politically China is proving to be one enormous quicksand. No sooner does Japan take another step forward, than the quicksands close behind her. To continue advancing is always possible; to retreat is not to be considered for a moment. As the Japanese move deeper into the interior, the Chinese become bolder in cutting lines of communication, raiding occupied towns and cities, destroying food and munitions depots.

II

Conditions in Japanese colonies on the mainland tell eloquently that Japan lacks the political instincts and wisdom possessed by great colonizing powers like England, France, and Holland. Japan has held Formosa for more than forty years, but the Formosans are not happy or contented. Japan has held Korea for over thirty years, and has, in a material sense, administered the peninsula so effectively that the population has practically doubled. Korea has been reforested, plagues and pests have been exterminated, floods have been brought under control, water conservation and irrigation have ended the recurrent droughts. But the Koreans hate the Japanese with a deep and flaming hatred.

It is the same story in Manchoukuo. Weary of the exactions and misgovernment of the Chang Hsueh-liang regime, many Chinese in Manchuria were ready to welcome the Japanese as liberators from an intolerable yoke. Japan took over the country, gave it a stable currency, abolished a multiplicity of crushing taxes, built highways, expanded the railway system, developed some industry, and gave benevolent but self-interested attention to the needs of

the peasants. Yet today Manchoukuans hate the Japanese, and this hatred swells year after year.

In Manchoukuo sporadic uprisings continue in spite of the 500,000 Japanese troops there. It is the boast of the Japanese military that the 150,000 guerrillas and armed bandits left in Manchuria when Chang Hsueh-liang's armies were driven out have been nearly exterminated. Less than 20,000 of these trouble makers remain, and they have been isolated in a mountainous, forested region far from the railways and large towns and cities. Nevertheless there is still ample trouble and peril in Manchoukuo, partly of local inspiration and financing, and partly directed and financed by the Chinese Government at Chungking. Night attacks upon the railways are frequent, usually involving the dynamiting of bridges, destruction of tracks, and the killing and wounding of Japanese sentries. Occasionally more serious affairs occur. An explosion and great fire at the Mukden airport, which resulted in the destruction of more than sixty military planes, was attributed to an anti-Japanese conspiracy, and several oil tank fires can also be safely blamed on the enemies of the present regime.

In Korea Japan is forced to

maintain a permanent garrison force as large as that kept in all of India by Great Britain, though Korea has less than 24,000,000 people against India's 350,000,000. The Koreans in their homeland have been effectively disarmed, but they maintain revolutionary workers and societies at many points in the Far East, including the foreign-controlled area at Shanghai, and at Manila, Hong-kong, and Singapore. These workers make a specialty of political assassinations of Japanese.

In view of this record, how can Japan hope to subdue and hold in subjection even that portion of China which her armies now occupy? Within her so-called front lines, which at some places run as far as 600 miles inland, there are approximately 230,000,000 hostile or non-co-operative Chinese. To win and hold the tolerance or allegiance of even a small portion of this enormous population would call for the utmost political and administrative sagacity. And Japan is making no discernible effort to win over these masses of Chinese. Instead, her army is apparently trying to hold them in subjection by harshness and fear.

Such a feat of sheer force might conceivably work if the territory now held by Japan were the whole

of China and encompassed the whole Chinese race. But such is not the case. So-called "free China," the portion still under the Chungking government headed by General Chiang Kai-shek, is actually much larger than the portion overrun by Japanese armies. In "free China" are an additional 200,000,000 or more Chinese who continue to advocate and support resistance. From "free China" into the occupied areas flow continuous streams of guerilla fighters, propagandists, and organizers. And abroad, in the Malay Peninsula, Java, the Philippines, America, and Europe nearly 15,000,000 more patriotic Chinese send money to their homeland to help finance continued resistance. Under these circumstances domination by naked force seems doomed to ultimate failure.

The establishment of the "New Order in East Asia" desired by Japan is blocked, in the final analysis, by the ingrained arrogance with which the Japanese express their feeling of racial superiority over the peoples of the Asiatic mainland. In their homeland the Japanese rank among the most polite and hospitable people in the world. And their politeness is not a mere convention of bowing and smiling—it is based upon

an innate kindliness, upon a genuine instinct to be helpful and friendly. But put a Japanese on the Asiatic mainland, put him into any kind of uniform — soldier, sailor, police, customs examiner, passport official — and for some reason he is a changed person.

III

If the Japanese fail in China, as I believe they will, it will be primarily because they do not treat the Chinese like self-respecting human beings. Knowing, as they do, the emphasis which the Chinese put upon "face," this is a stupid mistake. The Japanese, I am aware, talk of their ardent and frustrated desire to have the Chinese "co-operate," but the co-operation demanded is the kind they would expect from a lowly servant who obeys orders with alacrity. It is perhaps natural for the Japanese to be unable to conceal their scorn for certain of the Chinese whom they have bought, body and soul, to help carry out their ambitious designs. No buyer has any respect for the human creature he has purchased for his own uses. But the Japanese on the mainland, or the vast majority of them, adopt a scornful, condescending attitude toward the Chinese people as a

whole. And this, though based on military superiority, is unjustified. The Chinese have shown themselves valiant foes — so valiant that many foreign military experts think China would have been victorious in the first year of the war if she had possessed even half a navy, and had been equipped with airplanes, tanks, and artillery in adequate quantities.

Were the Japanese attitude that of a generous victor toward an admittedly courageous but vanquished foe, there might be a chance for durable peace. But the Chinese are convinced that Japan intends to make them a race of virtual serfs, so they fight on and on. Japan derived much of her civilization, her literature, and many of her arts from ancient China, and thus the Japanese, more than any other race, should have a full understanding of the fact that they can have no peace with China as long as they treat its people as a subject and inferior race.

According to the highest Japanese spokesmen Japan is waging this undeclared war with only a few major objectives — to found a "New Order in East Asia," to put an end to anti-Japanism in China, to terminate China's "semi-colonial" status, and to make impossible the further spread of communism

amongst the Chinese. So far she has failed conspicuously in this whole program. Her shells and bombs have blasted to destruction all the bases of law and order in the areas she has overrun, and today in the occupied areas banditry is as much a scourge as it was during the worst of the long era of civil wars. Thus far, in the areas which Japan has conquered, literally nothing has been done to make the lot of the Chinese people any better than — or even as good as — before the shattering war was started. Far from ending anti-Japanism, all the events of the last two years have spread and deepened Chinese hatred of Japan.

As to the “semi-colonial” status which Japan says she wants to end, China interprets Japan’s policy as aiming to oust all foreign influence solely in order that the Japanese may reduce the Chinese to vassalage. And instead of checking the spread of communism, the war has brought to the Chinese people such poverty, destruction, and despair, particularly in the occupied areas, that the people are ready to listen to almost any political doctrine offering even the hope of relief.

While the war drags on indecisively there are recurrent reports

that serious differences of opinion have developed, even in the Japanese army’s high command. The group which for two years has favored “the knockout blow” is still very strong, but there is a noticeable growth of influence in the group which opposes advancing ever farther inland. This second group favors settling down, holding the front lines where they are today, cleaning up the guerillas and the bandits, and pushing economic development and rehabilitation in the immense occupied territories. Meanwhile China insists that she has been wise in “sacrificing space for time,” and counts on time to defeat the invaders.

Tokyo once called China “a mere geographical expression,” and is learning to its cost that the description was a good one — in a military and strategic sense. Geographical spaces, the policy of gradual dispersion before a militarily overpowering foe — these have helped China and may yet defeat Japan. But even if Japan is not defeated, even if she retains a military stranglehold on a huge segment of the country, she is unlikely to become a colonial power in the sense that the European colonizing nations are such. It is apparently not in her character.

► *Before borrowing from small loan companies, study this exposé of*

LICENSED LOAN SHARKS

BY NOAH ROTWEIN

THE loan shark represents the money-lending business in its most barbaric form — frankly usurious, ruthless, and racketeering. Since the shark has at least the virtue of being frankly vicious, we can leave him to the ministrations of the police and the public prosecutors. But the loan shark in formal clothes — the licensed corporation that operates with legal sanction, yet engages in sharp and brutal practices — cannot be so readily dismissed. In many ways the beguilingly respectable get-up makes it a more menacing national phenomenon.

Throughout the country there are more than 3500 small finance companies lending \$500,000,000 annually in sums of \$300 or less. By the grace of statutory benevolence, they are permitted to charge, with variations in some states, about 36 per cent interest on the unpaid balance. Their appeal is directed to the small wage-earner, in whose interest, theoretically at least, they are allowed to flourish. The magnitude

of the business, and the fact that the borrowers are largely inexperienced and helpless poor folk, makes candid consideration of the conduct of the business by some of its practitioners essential.

High rates of interest have been reasonably defended in terms of legitimate business expense. The Russell Sage Foundation, for instance, has found that the operating costs of a small loan company justify the statutory charges. The theory of the Uniform Small Loan Law which it created is that a reduction of the permissible interest rates would drive the licensed lenders out of business and would throw the small borrower upon the mercy of the loan sharks. That theory, however, does not justify the widespread fraud, oppression, and illegality of which some of the companies have been guilty.

This article is limited to a discussion of *illegal and oppressive* practices by many personal loan groups licensed to do business. There are companies in the field, of course, whose ethics are in con-

formity with the law; and even more whose violation of legal safeguards and ordinary decency is kept within narrow limits. But the extent of the illegal practices and their aggravated nature are enough to make an inquiry into this aspect imperative.

Let's take the K. O. Loan Corp. — a purely imaginary organization — and load upon its shoulders some of the crooked practices (far from imaginary) indulged in by one or another of the real companies. The picture will be composite, but true, since the writer draws from actuality in presenting it.

Suppose you are a resident of New York City and that you are one of the 85 per cent unable to obtain a loan at a bank. You have been subjected to the seductive advertisements beckoning you to borrow on "easy installments," if you need cash for a new spring coat, a ring for that girl, or a rug for the parlor. Why hesitate? Step right up and help yourself. Easy payments, no embarrassment, red tape, co-makers, mortgage, property, or collateral. In fact, the whole transaction, as described over the radio or in the advertising columns, seems one step removed from philanthropy. The K. O. Company, as you play with the

idea of approaching it, seems a benign old gentleman with a heart soft for the poor.

Just your signature in return for cash up to \$300. Nothing else; only your signature. Any lingering doubts are dispelled by the cheerful slogans in the company offices, on its literature, everywhere. It oozes good-will. So you take the plunge; and after preliminary formalities you receive the money — on your own signature. Upon default, however, your employer summons you into his presence and demands to know what it's all about. You then learn that you have signed, in all innocence, an assignment of wages authorizing your employer to deduct a percentage of your salary and to forward it periodically to the K. O. crowd.

You don't remember signing it, yet they have your signature on a wage assignment. Actually it was part of the same document which contained the promissory note. And if the clerk failed to call your attention to it, probably he was too busy procuring the signature of another borrower on a similar illegal document. Illegal? Definitely illegal and void, because the law provides that a wage assignment must be executed by a separate paper. But you are no lawyer, can't see such fine distinc-

tions — so you gulp hard and swallow the offense.

And soon you discover that the phony wage assignment was not the only illegal cat in the bag. For the K. O. produces an additional document by which you have given them a mortgage on your car. You are astonished. You wonder how they ever knew you owned a car. You forget that when you applied for the loan you were requested to identify yourself. And, in your anxiety for the money, you produced your ownership license to prove your identity. The clerk (perhaps unintentionally) copied all the data on the chattel mortgage. This you unknowingly signed in your haste.

You have thus obtained a loan “on your own signature” — affixed to a wage assignment and a mortgage on your car! And the advertising which promised “no collateral and no co-makers” continues to be flaunted by the K. O. despite statutory prohibition of statements that are “false, misleading, or deceptive.”

II

Having borrowed the money without red tape or embarrassment, just how “easy” are the repayments? Comparison is revealing.

What are “hard” payments? If you borrow \$100 at a bank, you pay 4 per cent interest. That’s hard. But if you are one of the three million who are annually favored by the personal loan companies, you pay 36 per cent interest. That’s easy. Thus, for a loan of \$100 on the customary twenty-month plan you pay more than \$30. That is quite expensive for a commodity that sells at other shops for about \$6.

But is the K. O. Corp. satisfied with such profits? Apparently not, for it has contrived devious illegal methods of exacting additional toll. Did you ever hear of “service charges,” “investigation fees,” or “hazard insurance”? You may as well know the facts of life — it is interest in disguise. The New York Banking Law specifically provides that such charges, in addition to permissible interest, render the loan void, and the lender “shall have no right to collect or receive any principal, interest or charges whatever” if such extras are added.

Yet the imposition of such charges is not an infrequent practice among the money merchants. It is a systematic method by which some loan companies extort as much as the traffic will bear. A recent investigation by the New York Attorney General, for in-

stance, disclosed that two automobile loan companies had exacted more than \$150,000 in usurious interest under the label of "hazard insurance." The investigation showed the public in a most revealing light: men who would not dream of paying a haberdasher \$25 for a coat, plus \$2 for "service" plus \$1.50 for "overhead tax" and \$1 for "wrapping costs" will readily pay extra charges for a loan already too costly.

Deceptive labels are not the only method of adding illegal interest to a loan. The same end is occasionally accomplished by the drastic surgery ingeniously practised by some auto loan companies. There have been some indictments in New York recently growing out of that device. By lifting the face of the loan, the lenders make the transaction look like a sale and thereby achieve as sellers what the law forbids them to do as lenders. Suppose you own a car on which you wish to borrow \$300. You "sell" the car to the company for \$300 and you receive the money. The company thereupon "resells" the car to you for \$500 and presto! — you become a purchaser on credit. Thus the company gets interest of \$200 on a loan of \$300. But, of course, it isn't interest. It is "profit" from the sale. And it

certainly isn't a loan, but merely a delightful indoor game called "repurchase contract." However, if you play it with the auto loan companies, you had better watch out. They usually win — \$25,000,000 annually.

The exacting of illegal interest is by no means the most oppressive practice of the dishonest shekel salesmen. Their operations tend to get you into debt and to keep you there. The K. O. doesn't seem to mind if you fall behind in payments. There is even room for suspicion that they encourage it. When you default on a monthly installment, they generously grant you an extension, for which, of course, you pay additional interest. In granting such extensions, unscrupulous loan companies sometimes employ a device perhaps more reprehensible than any of the others. Suppose your next installment is due on February 1st, and you are unable to pay until March 1st. They agree to extend the time of payment, providing you give them a post-dated check for March 1st. They instruct you to draw the check on any bank. If you tell them that you have no account at the bank, they assure you that they will not deposit the check, but will simply hold it as evidence of the loan. They thereupon deposit

the check, which is, of course, returned marked "no account." Should you default on March 1st, they threaten you with criminal proceedings! You have betrayed their innocence by giving them a bad check!

If you are regarded as a good risk, your defaults will be used by the K. O. Loan Corporation as an occasion to "renew" your loan. Renewals are one of the tricks of the trade. Many of the small loan companies renew in a way that exacts from you compound interest in violation of the law. Conservatively estimated, some 90 per cent of all renewed loans are void on the ground of usury. But the usury is attained through such sleight-of-hand maneuvers that it is imperceptible except upon the closest scrutiny. Here's how:

You owe, let us say, \$170 on a \$200 loan. If you default in one installment, the company induces you to renew *your* loan; that is, they cancel the original loan and you execute a new note for \$200. Upon the signing of the note, they give you \$30. At first glance, the transaction appears to you to be legal and proper. Since you owe \$170, you believe that you are entitled to only \$30 on the new \$200 loan. You see no objection to paying interest on one \$200 loan

instead of paying interest on two loans, one for \$170 and the other for \$30. But you are mistaken — and the loan company knows it. You forget that of the \$170 balance, you owe \$150 on the principal and \$20 interest; and that, under the law, you are required to pay interest only on the unpaid *principal*. Therefore, if you had two loans, one for \$150 plus \$20 interest, and the other for \$30, your unpaid principal would be \$150 plus \$30, or \$180. By "renewing" your note for \$200, the loan company compels you to pay interest on the \$180 principal, plus interest on the \$20 interest. Interest on interest — and you don't know it!

III

Well, what's left of the K. O. Loan Corp? Its advertisements are false and deceptive. It lends money bound up in red tape and embarrassment. It executes illegal wage assignments and chattel mortgages. Its repayments are certainly not "easy." It charges usurious rates. It extorts exorbitant profits. It contrives to keep you in debt. And it compounds interest. Surely, there must be some redeeming feature to distinguish it from the loan sharks. Perhaps its methods of collection are more delicate than

those of its non-licensed competitors? Well, let's see:

A post office clerk obtained a loan of \$450 without red tape, but in violation of the law which restricts loans to \$300. After three years, he had managed to repay almost \$800; but he still owed a balance of about \$25. He had drawn a check on a bank in which he had no account, on the assurance that it would not be deposited. Upon his default, he was threatened with prosecution for passing a bad check. The lending company informed the postmaster of the victim's failure to honor a "just" obligation, in accordance with the rules of the post office, thus raising the threat of dismissal. It informed his wife of the loan despite a promise to keep the transaction confidential. And in its anxiety to uphold the sanctity of the law, it preyed upon the man's ignorance by threatening to seize the furniture belonging to his *sister*! This case is drawn from actual files. Unhappily, there are plenty of others to match it.

Take the true case of Mr. Smith, an unemployed carpenter, indebted to the K. O. Company in the sum of \$158. Living on Relief in a "cold-water flat," he somehow managed to sustain his three motherless children out of a

relief check of \$16 monthly. But the arrival of each check was greeted by the K. O. collector, who put in a monthly appearance to enforce the sacred obligations of a contract. Of course, the collector wouldn't dream of accepting a check marked "Relief." That wouldn't be nice. Instead, he would conduct Mr. Smith to the corner drugstore, where the check was cashed. Thereupon the collector took the monthly payment of \$12 and Mr. Smith took \$4 on which to feed his children for a month. Thus, each check intended to relieve one of the unemployed was, in fact, a relief to the K. O. The procedure was technically "legal" but eloquent testimony of the oppressive methods used.

Nothing is certain but death and taxes — and repayment of loans to the K. O. Rain or shine, live or die, the company takes its toll, whether from Relief checks, unemployment insurance, or otherwise. It operates on the principle that it has nothing to lose by trying; and what it tries is no tribute to its ethics. Consider the true case of Mr. Brown. While indebted to the K. O. in the sum of \$140, he died. His death somehow left the company unperturbed. In fact, the resourceful K. O. met this emergency by forging his widow's

signature as co-maker to the note. In this instance the procedure didn't work, because Mrs. Brown vigorously denied having signed it. But the K. O.'s face wasn't red. It withdrew diplomatically by claiming, with feigned reluctance, that her signature must have been forged by her husband!

Feeble warnings against the illegal practices of small loan companies have been made here and there, often in the pathetic form of complaints by humble victims. But the parade to the money merchants proceeds apace. It flourishes in these times of economic stress. You too may succumb to the beguiling voice of the loan shark in

formal clothes. If you should, don't sign your name to any paper until you read all the microscopic print, and until you understand every clause. Don't accept receipts which do not specify the amount apportioned to interest, the amount apportioned to principal, and the balance. Don't pay "penalties" for extensions. Don't pay interest in advance. Don't sign post-dated checks, and don't pay service charges or investigation fees. Don't renew your loan unless the interest balance is separate from the principal balance. Best of all, if humanly possible, keep away from the K. O. Loan Corp.



NOW FROST

By DAVID ROSS

N^{ow} frost converts the trees
To winter's argument,
And willows bend their knees,
But with feigned consent.

"Why parley with fanatic frost?
A day will come to lay him low,
And we will green above the holocaust;
Why argue with dogmatic snow?"

CAPSULE WISDOM

Stuffed Shirt Awards for the month are herewith announced for the perpetrators of the following epoch-making thoughts:

John H. Weir, Chairman of the Indianapolis Convention of the Townsendites: "We are not members of the lunatic fringe because crazy people don't organize."

John D. M. Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee: "Yes, there are candidates who will promise anything to get votes."

Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona: "Not as a matter of bargains or markets, but because of humanitarian impulses, we advanced many billions of dollars to aid foreign countries."

Sir William Crawford, President of the Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising of England: "The real purpose of advertising is not merely to sell but to make people think."

Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, New York minister: "There is room for every one in this country except those who deny God."

Representative William B. Bankhead, Speaker of the House: "There will be no war if Congress stops talking and goes home."

Dr. Samuel H. King, Professor of Economics at King's University, Halifax: "The glorious uncertainty which makes cricket the greatest of all games gives to life its zest."

Elsa Maxwell: "Night clubs are the last refuge of people who have no decent homes and no decent friends and no place to go."

Miss Frances H. Anderson of Rochester, N. Y., on attaining 100 years: "My life has been full enough without having it cluttered up with a man."

Magistrate Charles Solomon of Brooklyn, New York: "A man who calls his wife harsh names is not guilty of disorderly conduct if it is done in the privacy of his home."

► *An American doctor's long lone war
against disease in the South Seas.*

FIGHTING DISEASE IN PARADISE

BY JEROME BEATTY

A FEW years ago savages on Malaita, one of the Solomon Islands in the South Seas, murdered and probably ate two British tax collectors and fourteen native policemen. Malaita had a population of about 45,000 untamed blacks. Only one white man — a District Officer with thirty armed police — ever had dared to make the seventy-mile journey through the jungle, across the island.

The usual procedure following such murders was to send a gunboat and shoot down natives at random to teach them they'd better behave. Such methods quieted them only temporarily. This time the British tried a new and startling idea. On the advice of an American doctor who understood the natives, they forgave the murderers and sent a medical mission to cure hookworm and yaws. After two years Malaita was a healthy island, peace reigned, taxes were paid without protest. Now even women, unarmed, can walk across Malaita and receive friendly assistance everywhere. Shots from hypodermic

needles brought peace where shots from guns had failed.

That's only one of the many big ideas that have been devised by this American doctor, Sylvester M. Lambert, in his campaign to restore health to the islands of the South Seas and make them again the paradise they were one hundred years ago. He is fighting and conquering disease in paradise.

I found Dr. Lambert in the Fiji Islands, 7500 miles from his home town of Ellenville, N. Y. Dr. Victor G. Heiser, of the Rockefeller Foundation, who sent him on his mission more than twenty years ago, considers him one of the world's greatest public health men. He is known to millions of natives on islands sprinkled over an area larger than the United States. He has led furiously and adroitly a war against tropical diseases that has forced into retreat the swarming germs, most of them brought there by white men, that were killing off Polynesians and kindred races.

With native assistants, hypodermic needles, microscopes, and

gallons of medicines, Dr. Lambert has traveled from island to island in dugouts, whaleboats, and yachts, painfully penetrating the almost trackless interiors on horseback and on foot, lecturing in pidgin English with charts hung on palm trees to show the handsome but disease-ridden people how to rout the germs, giving them thousands upon thousands of pills and doses.

Once when Dr. Lambert ran out of salvarsan, natives carrying spears and shields, waiting for treatment for yaws, couldn't understand why they were to receive no shots and got ready to fight for them. A squad of native police got him safely to his boat. Otherwise he never has been in danger. Dr. Lambert says; "Give me a microscope to hold up as I go ashore and the most belligerent cannibals will get down on their knees." He has carried accident insurance ever since he went to the South Seas and has collected only once — when someone slammed an automobile door on his finger.

II

In such remote regions the scattered medical missionaries can treat only a small number of natives and they have neither the time nor authority to teach disease

prevention. The sick get along as best they can with witch doctors and crude native remedies. So Dr. Lambert conceived the idea of making good doctors out of the natives themselves. And now from his desk in his little white-walled office in Suva, Fiji's capital, he directs many skilful brown-skinned medical men whom he has helped to train.

Scattered through the islands, their number increasing every year, are more than one hundred natives from nine major South Sea Island races, remarkably competent graduates of the Central Medical School in Suva. This school was only for Fijians, until Dr. Lambert led the movement to open it to students from other islands. Salote, the 325-pound Queen of Tonga, was the first to send students to the college, and other local governments followed. When they graduate, the students return to their native villages and, because of their familiarity with language and customs, they do a far better job than could be performed by a white man. They are eager to learn; are amazingly quick at anatomy and materia medica. But when Dr. Lambert begins his lecture on witchcraft they hold their breath and when he advises that when they return to their villages they stand up in

meeting and defy the witch doctors to do their worst, fear comes into their eyes. Of all the graduates only one has been brave enough to defy the witch doctors, for they do things that even Dr. Lambert can't explain. In Suva I met a native chief, one of Dr. Lambert's good friends, who was all skin and bones and who was sure to die in a few months because a witch had put a curse on him. Nothing that Dr. Lambert could do or say could save him. Recently a native came to the hospital in Suva suffering from great pains in his joints. Not even morphine soothed him. He had bathed in a pool in which an evil god lived, and had neglected to throw in four stones before he entered the water. The doctors could not stop the pain, so he went to a witch doctor who muttered strange words and rubbed leaves on the joints. The man was cured in two days. A graduate of the medical school tried bathing there without throwing in the stones. The pains came, and in spite of his medical training he ran to the witch doctor — and was cured.

The native medical practitioners successfully fight diseases found in white men's books but natives know that no microscope can discover what makes a witch's curse

kill a chief and, although most of them no longer go to witch doctors for every ache and ulcer, sorcery still is a powerful factor in their lives. A missionary, who had made good Christians out of all of the natives on his island, died convinced that he had eliminated witchcraft. But the Christian converts, to make sure their friend reached Heaven safely, quickly built a fire of coconut husks around his house, to keep away the evil spirits.

Dr. Lambert respects some native remedies. Lepers in the settlement in Fiji asked for a witch doctor's medicine to stop nerve pains, and investigation showed that it was a concoction made from the oil of the dilo nut. Ethyl esters of dilo oil were made and this witch doctor's remedy, injected, is used now with success for lepers. There is little appendicitis in the South Seas and the native practitioners are not encouraged to learn much about abdominal surgery. "For fear they'll run wild and operate on everybody," Dr. Lambert smiled, "like some American doctors."

The American doctor's influence has extended far but his Exhibit A is Fiji, where he has made new men and women out of the 100,000 Fijians and 85,000 East Indians who populate the Islands. Sixteen

years ago Fijians and Indians alike were dull-eyed and feeble from hookworm. In some districts more than 95 per cent were infected. Nearly everybody had yaws, that horrible ulcerous disease. Thanks to Dr. Lambert, today both diseases are practically unknown, and the natives, once continuously tired, are full of vigor.

Fiji is the only place in the world in which a large hookworm infestation has been controlled, and Dr. Lambert's success was a result of desperate measures. Under the conventional method of curing hookworm, each suspect had to be specially examined; laboratory work and dosing took time. Dr. Lambert and his native crew could treat only about 5000 persons a year, and with hookworm spreading from infected persons he couldn't make headway. Much of his time was spent chasing naked children who would take one dose of the nauseous medicine and then run away to avoid the essential second dose. Finding that a new treatment with carbon tetrachloride usually cured with one dose, he conceived the revolutionary idea of treating practically the entire population of Fiji without examination. The British doctors said that the natives never would take medicine unless they were sure they were sick.

"I'll convert 'em," said Dr. Lambert and started through the islands. He knew that the natives believe the witches put snakes in them, which cause death. Dr. Lambert carried a microscope and let the natives look at the hookworms on slides. Then he showed them enlarged pictures of snakelike hookworms. He told them how hookworm snakes eat people's insides, how his medicine would kill the evil animals. He told me proudly, "I've had natives faint in the middle of a hookworm lecture. I scared hell out of 'em."

Natives sick and well came on the run to take the medicine. Instead of 5000 a year, 6000 a month were treated. Today some of the new doctors in Fiji never have seen a hookworm patient. In all the South Seas more than 500,000 natives have been cured.

III

Dr. Lambert has battled uncompromisingly against what he calls "the hellish Mother Hubbard," which was introduced in the South Seas one hundred years ago by scandalized missionaries and which, by keeping the health-giving sun from the natives' bodies, increased their susceptibility to white men's diseases. It is more of a menace

than you'd think, and one of Dr. Lambert's proudest feats was to convince many young missionaries to join in his campaign for fewer clothes in the South Seas.

Dr. Lambert is 56 years old. He wears heavy glasses and, to read, must take them off and hold the page only three or four inches from his nose. He hates formality, is quick-tempered, and never hesitates to fight bluntly and vigorously for the natives.

A British doctor in Fiji told me: "Only Lambert could have done this job. We British medical men are so overloaded with dignity we couldn't have unbent enough to get the confidence of the natives. Lambert plunged into villages and sold health as vigorously as though he were a peddler with a patent painkiller, cutting red tape and trampling on convention. We would have stopped to think: 'But what will people say at the club if we go out for six months and live like the natives and talk pidgin English and help them build latrines?' Lambert has made the naturally suspicious natives so eager for health that it is easy for us to extend his work. Instead of running when they see a doctor, even those who are perfectly well are furious when we won't give them hypodermics."

Another British doctor said: "I

remember the first time I heard Lambert make a speech. He had called a few European residents together to talk about latrines and polluted water supply in native quarters in Suva. Most doctors would have made polite suggestions, committees would have been appointed and that probably would have ended it. Lambert got up and said, 'This is the blankiest-blank situation I ever saw. Hundreds are dying. Now you do this and you do that and do it blanked fast and we'll get this situation cleaned right up.' We were shocked and breathless — but we got the situation cleaned up."

In 1918, when Dr. Heiser picked him to carry health to the South Seas, Dr. Lambert was practically finished as a medical practitioner. He had spent years as a doctor in Utica, N. Y., in Rochester, in Mexico, and Costa Rica. Now his failing eyes were so bad he couldn't trust himself to perform a major operation. He went to Dr. Heiser, hoping there was something in medicine that he could do. All he wanted was a chance to cure people. "How would you like to go to Papua?" Dr. Heiser asked.

In a few days he and Mrs. Lambert and their young daughter were on their way. He paused in Australia to co-operate with the

government in a health survey and in two weeks was down with sprue, a disease of the digestive tract which in those days was sure death unless the infected person quickly got out of the tropics. Doctors told him to go right back to America. Dr. Lambert refused to budge. He said, "No man ever had the opportunity I've got — an untouched market to sell health in. With a little hard work, hundreds of thousands of lives can be saved. No blankety-blank disease can kill me!"

His weight dropped from 234 pounds to 193. Miraculously there came a medical magazine in which a doctor said he had cured sprue with pancreatin and hydrochloric acid. The amount of the dose wasn't given. Determined to kill or cure, Dr. Lambert guessed at it. In six months he was well.

On one of his first journeys into the jungle in Papua, he was met by a body of natives who waved their spears and said, "Better no come!" He sat down to think it over and took his shoes off his aching feet. He looked up and discovered that the natives had dropped their spears and were bowing in awe to this miracle man; he is still known

in that country as Man Who Takes Off His Feet.

No other man has seen as much of the South Seas. He has campaigned for health in Papua, the New Hebrides, Cook Islands, Ellice, Samoa, Tonga, and other groups and his pet secret is his discovery of a real paradise for anybody who wants to escape the worries of civilization. It is pleasant, healthful, Niue Island, about 300 miles from Samoa. There are twenty-one Europeans in the 5000 population, mission and government schools, fruits, flowers, vegetables, beautiful Polynesians, free medical treatment. Food and lovely coral houses cost almost nothing. It is a New Zealand dependency, the Resident Commissioner repairs sewing machines, typewriters, and motor cars, the government wireless operator gets out the newspaper, which has a circulation of nine.

Despite the attractions of Niue, however, Dr. Lambert talks about a farm in California. "He says he's going to retire," Mrs. Lambert told me. "But I know better. Things would be too peaceful for him on a farm."



LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

Of course, every Red-baiter says that the Communist Party receives orders and gold from Moscow. This is an absolute lie and is part of a campaign to discredit the liberty-loving and progressive role of the Party.

— Communist *Freiheit*, New York.

Opponents of the German-American Bund are false and libelous when they charge that we receive orders from Germany and that we follow the orders of Hitler. This is outright Red propaganda.

— *Deutscher Weckruf*, New York.

The American Youth Congress yesterday adopted by unanimous vote a resolution condemning all forms of dictatorship and including *communism* among them. . . . Among those who voted for the resolution was the Young Communist League.

— New York *Times*, July 5, 1939.

The national convention of the German-American Bund adopted resolutions yesterday condemning all foreign political "isms," especially fascism, *Nazism* and Communism.

— New York *Herald Tribune*, July 2, 1939.

Recently I attended a street-corner meeting of the Coughlinites. The speaker was full of hatred and venom toward all progressive ideas. For a moment I thought I was in Berlin.

— Letter in *Daily Worker*, July 24, 1939.

Have you ever seen a communist open-air meeting? The speakers are all ignorant and appeal to the lowest instincts of the audience. Listening, I imagined that I was in Soviet Russia.

— Letter in *The Defender*, published by Gerald B. Winrod, June, 1939.

We have no opposition groupings within the Communist Party because our membership is in complete solidarity with the leadership of Comrade Browder. Chatterers, windbags and disrupters have long since been uprooted from the Party and expelled. . . . We are not a debating society like the Socialist Party but follow a Stalinist plan of action which leads to concrete results.

— *The Communist*, organ of the American Communist Party.

I don't know why you should be allowed to speak, comrades. You have utterly mistaken notions as to the purpose of a Party Conference. We are not a parliamentary talking shop with its debating and votings and rules of procedure. You can't make decisions here. You are here in order to hear the opinions of the Führer.

— Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, at a Nazi Conference.

HUSBANDS GROW ON TREES

A Story

By WHITFIELD COOK

THE manner in which the Likely sisters acquired a husband was one of the more notable events in the history of West Haddam — in fact, the only notable event since Nathan Hale taught there in 1774. For one hundred and sixty-four years the town slumbered quietly in obscurity and then suddenly became famous as the birthplace of Vincent, that ideal man, who relieved the Likely sisters of the embarrassments of spinsterhood.

Until Vincent's coming, the Likely girls had been unobtrusive old maids. Rose had a good mind and buck teeth, and Sybil just had buck teeth. They lived quietly in their late father's Victorian house, where the most exciting events were the semi-annual dusting of the cupola and the spring rub-down given the iron deer. Every Sunday they rode to church on their bicycles, prayer books tied firmly on behind. Nobody bothered to wonder what went on beneath their greying, old-fashioned pompa-

dours. The general assumption was that if they thought at all it must be of roses and piano duets, to both of which they were devoted.

So West Haddam would have been surprised to learn that the Likely sisters thought furiously about husbands. About all sorts and conditions of husbands: light husbands, dark husbands, husbands in the raw, and husbands pickled. About Mrs. Hawley's husband, for instance. The Hawleys lived next door to the Likelys, and Mr. Hawley had long been a thorn in the Likely girls' sides. When Mr. Hawley left for the bank in the morning, Mrs. Hawley would kiss him goodbye right where the Likelys couldn't help but see her from their dining room window. When Mrs. Hawley came over for a quiet afternoon of sewing, it was always her husband's socks or shirts on which she was working. And her conversation was, of course, entirely about him. Sometimes she'd say, "Oh, I'm so lucky to have Jim.

Good husbands don't grow on trees, you know." And then she'd look smug. It was all so intimate and wifely; and the Likely girls could only retaliate with a few remarks about their canary's molting. But what is there particularly intimate about a canary's molting! It was humiliating; and it rankled in their minds.

The first hint the town had of Vincent's existence was the sisters' appearance in Gregg's men's store, where they asked to see some shoes, socks, underwear, shirts, collars, ties, suits, gloves, and hats. Mr. Gregg, who had lived all his life in West Haddam and was therefore unprepared for any unusual event, was thrown into a panic. For an hour he and the Likely sisters went from confusion to greater confusion. In the first place, the girls weren't sure about the sizes they wanted.

"Though we *do* know," said Rose Likely firmly, "that he has large hips and a 36 bust."

"Yes," agreed Sybil, "that we *do* know."

Which only made matters worse.

Mr. Gregg suggested in desperation that the gentleman, whoever he might be, come in and purchase his own clothes.

"That," said Rose, "would be impossible. He cannot appear as

yet in public. He hasn't a stitch to his name."

Finally they left, worn but triumphant, having purchased one complete masculine outfit.

Of course, Mr. Gregg lost no time in spreading his astounding story. The townspeople were divided into schools of varying opinions. One school thought the Likelys must have gone stark staring mad. Hadn't their grandfather been a bit cracked? Another school thought they were simply getting ready for a masquerade. But if that were the case, asked the others, who was Vincent? A third group, more imaginative than the rest, thought the Likelys might be harboring an escaped convict and helping him evade the police with a new suit of clothes. It was Mrs. Eben Berryman, the wife of the Congregational minister, who finally asked outright about it. She encountered the Likelys one morning in front of the post office.

"Is it true," she asked, looking sternly from Rose to Sybil and back again, "that you are harboring a man in your house?"

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way," said Rose.

"Then there *is* a man there?" pressed Mrs. Berryman.

"Only our husband," said Sybil casually.

And that's all Mrs. Berryman learned, for before she could recover enough to ask further questions, the Likely girls had swung onto their bicycles and with a gay ringing of their bells were off down the street.

Vincent made his first public appearance the very next day. He came out of the house and was taken for a little walk, a Likely sister on either side of him. Though the girls tried to be very casual, they were as happy and self-conscious as brides, which, indeed, they were. They had wanted a husband for thirty years, and now they had one. Only one, to be sure; but that was enough. They would share him, for surely half of a perfect husband was better than all of an imperfect one. And as far as they were concerned, Vincent was absolutely perfect. He didn't drink or smoke. He didn't snore. He was never boring or cross. He was a tireless listener. And — as it turned out later — he was even a good provider. Of course, his figure was a little strange, but that was because the Likely sisters had made him out of an old dressmaker's form, great-uncle Samuel's cork legs, and the head of a large china doll, the latter carefully repainted by Sybil, who in her time had been very handy with watercolors. She had

given Vincent a mustache for, as she often said to Rose, there was nothing quite like a man with a mustache. Besides, Mrs. Hawley's husband had a mustache.

II

The town's reaction to Vincent was immediate. Children followed after him and giggled; dogs barked; neighbors gaped with amazement and whispered with alarm and indignation. Through all this the Likelys moved with slow unconcern, chattering on to Vincent about the weather and the condition of his sinus and supporting his light weight easily between them.

For the next few days the air was electric with critical discussions. The men were amused, but their wives were annoyed and upset. Vincent was a public scandal, a disgrace, an insult. If this was a joke, it was a little too-pointed a joke, and the Likelys carried it too far. They took Vincent to church with them (he rode on Sybil's handlebars); and whereas the Likelys usually had to listen to at least a dozen women talk about their husbands, they now turned the tables and talked to those same women about Vincent.

"I don't believe you've met Vincent, Mrs. Oglethorpe. Our hus-

band, you know. You must excuse him for not being more cordial. He's bothered so with his sinus this morning. And you know what men are. Can't stand the least bit of pain. Just like grown-up children, aren't they? And he's tired, too. He's been working so hard on his book. Yes, he writes. Historical things. His new one is to be called *The Monetary Systems of Ancient Civilizations.*"

The Likely sisters went out more than usual now that they had Vincent to escort them, and the town gradually became accustomed to seeing the three of them sitting sedately on a bench in the park while Rose read aloud from Jean Jacques Rousseau (for Vincent had widened their literary horizons). After a time, it no longer seemed strange to have a man's shirts and underwear hanging conspicuously on the Likely clothesline or to hear from Rose or Sybil that Vincent's intestines were troubling him or that he was hard on socks or that he had descended from a fine old Boston family.

The women of the town, though they were still indignant over Vincent, began to grow just a little envious. It seemed as though the sisters now enjoyed all the advantages of married life without having to suffer the disadvantages.

They had a husband who would go with them wherever they wanted, who never complained, and who never brought anyone home unexpectedly to dinner. To be sure, his appearance was decidedly comic, but weren't there several human husbands in the town who looked just as funny? On one point only did Vincent fall down. He couldn't support the Likely girls. And, remembering that, every wife in the town, no matter how shiftless her husband, still felt superior. But that state of affairs lasted only a short while, for Vincent soon proved his earning power.

A bored young man came to West Haddam to write an article for a New York paper on the Nathan Hale schoolhouse; but his boredom fled when he saw the Likely girls out walking with Vincent, who was looking particularly dashing that day in a new tweed suit. He moved along the street jauntily, an arm on each girl's shoulder, while they held him up casually by the seat of his trousers.

The girls told the reporter all the things about Vincent which the town had heard time and again. The young man jotted all this down joyfully, took a picture of Vincent and the girls, and dashed back to New York. And in due time an article appeared all over the coun-

try. It was headed WEST HADDAM SISTERS FIND PERFECT HUSBAND. Overnight Vincent became famous.

A short while later the Likelys announced that they were going away for an indefinite length of time. Their publicity was growing, and they admitted not too reluctantly that their public was demanding them. Mrs. Hawley, when she heard this, went right over. She found Rose and Sybil putting dust covers on the parlor furniture, while Vincent sat quietly in a chair and looked on.

"Well," said Mrs. Hawley, "Vincent isn't helping you much."

"We refuse to let him," said Sybil. "He tires so easily, the lamb."

"I understand you're going away," said Mrs. Hawley. "Are you going far?"

"To New York," said Sybil.

"We don't want to go at all," said Rose, "but they're clamoring for Vincent. And offering him *so* much money. And if Vincent has to go, we shall go, too. A wife's duty is by her husband's side. That's what *we* always say. Of course, we don't particularly approve of night clubs," she added, hanging Vincent on the chandelier and backing off to admire him. "But who are we to stand in the way of our husband's career?"

"I thought his career was writing," said Mrs. Hawley.

A wicked gleam came into the eyes of Rose and Sybil. "It is. But he has *other* careers, too. He's *amazingly* versatile. Now suppose Mr. Hawley wanted to leave his position at the bank, could *he* entertain in a night club?"

"Ho hum," said Sybil casually, as she pushed Vincent to and fro and watched him swing gracefully through the air.

"Just look at him," said Rose. "He certainly is in fine form, if I do say it myself." She turned condescendingly to Mrs. Hawley. "How is *your* husband on a chandelier?" she asked.

Mrs. Hawley had no answer for that. She said goodbye and left.

III

In New York Vincent began making really big money. All he had to do at the Krazy Kwilt Klub, for that was the night club which had secured his talents, was appear in smartly-tailored evening clothes between the conservatively dressed Likelys and look pleasant while the girls sang a group of old-fashioned songs. This was not too difficult for him, even though Sybil usually was slightly off key. After the songs, Rose would give a short talk on

The Care and Raising of Husbands. Certain high points pleased her audiences enormously: "They may be a bit more trouble, but husbands in the long run are more satisfactory than dogs or climbing roses. . . . Always brag about your husband's intellectual qualities, even though you know his head is hollow. . . . When supporting your husband, do so by a firm hold on the seat of his trousers, thus making him appear to stand on his own feet. . . . Give your husband a few slight imaginary ailments. If you don't, your friends will imagine worse ones. . . . If you are bored with him, hang him in a closet for a while; you'll be surprised how delightful he'll seem afterward."

This simple routine endeared the three of them to the hearts of New Yorkers. They were winned, dined, photographed, and interviewed. They had a new cocktail and a new nervous disease named after them. The mayor gave them the keys to the city — and a certain old political institution even offered to give them the mayor. In short, they were a huge success.

Altogether, it was over a year before they saw West Haddam again, and it was unfortunate for Vincent that they ever went back, for it was then that the incident

occurred which led directly to his spectacular demise. Returning to their home town with new glory and increased wealth, and every woman now openly envious of their capable husband, the Likelys set up housekeeping on a more elaborate scale. They even hired a maid.

Her name was Josephine, and she seemed an able girl. But she had weaknesses, one of which was drink. Before long Rose and Sybil realized they would have to dismiss her. But they didn't do so soon enough. One afternoon the Likelys went to a meeting of the Woman's Club and left Vincent at home, supposedly hard at work on *The Monetary Systems of Ancient Civilizations*. When they returned they found Josephine and Vincent in an aroma of liquor, asleep together on the sofa. Of course, Josephine had folded Vincent up and jammed him into a corner and was using him as a pillow; nevertheless the Likelys considered the evidence damning enough. As far as they were concerned, Vincent had been caught *in flagrante delicto*.

They were quite excited over it. Now they could feel equal not only to Mrs. Hawley and Mrs. Berryman, whose husbands were virtuous, but also to Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Frost, whose husbands were

sinners. Now was the time, the Likely sisters felt, to illustrate the final and greatest advantage of a husband like Vincent. Within a week engraved cards were sent to all their acquaintances. They read:

Rose and Sybil Likely
take Pleasure in Announcing
that because of
his Habitual Infidelity
They are Burning their Husband
with the Rubbish
Tuesday, May 17 Four to Six

They had been unable to resist the temptation to use the word "habitual." Vincent, after all, was supposed to excel in everything.

Vincent's last day was warm and clear. Although no townspeople came openly to the services, the Likelys knew that houses facing their backyard were filled with the curious. A newspaper reporter and a photographer were the only people on the grounds when, at four o'clock, Rose and Sybil came out of the house with Vincent between them. They were dressed in deep mourning, but they moved with nervous haste, as they knew widows often did when anxious to get through the ceremony and read the will. They doubled Vincent over and placed him neatly in the wire rubbish basket; then they lit the kindling beneath him. Soon he was hidden by flames, but he took a

long time to burn and his smoke was rather unpleasant. The reporter and photographer left and Rose and Sybil were definitely bored long before he was completely consumed. Finally, however, there were enough ashes to gather up in a large jar and take into the house. (Even his ashes proved superior to those of other husbands, for the following year Sybil used them with great success on the climbing roses.)

They placed the jar in the center of the parlor mantel and stood off and looked at it with appropriate expressions.

"Well," said Rose, "that's the end of the best husband *this* town will ever see."

The town settled back into its undisturbed life once more, and the Likely sisters, sobered by their widowhood, returned to comparative normalcy. All might have continued that way, had Mrs. Hawley not presented her husband with a child. But she did; and the Likelys took it as a direct challenge. The next day they appeared in the town, each with a baby (cloth body and china head) in her arms.

"Posthumous twins," said Sybil to the first person they met. "And don't they look exactly like their dear late papa?"

BASEBALL MADNESS IN BROOKLYN

By JOHN ESCHER

AFTER ten straight defeats at the hands of the New York Giants, the Brooklyn Dodgers on July 12, 1938, finally rose to defeat their hated foe, and the Flatbush Faithful were filled with passionate joy. That night a young postal clerk named Robert Joyce celebrated the occasion at a bar. Since no one in Brooklyn ever talks about anything but baseball, Joyce was soon embroiled in a lively alcoholic discussion of the afternoon's game. He was understandably infuriated when two other drinkers, Frank Krug and William Diamond, not only attributed the victory to luck, but opined that the Dodgers were a "bunch of miserable bums." Mr. Joyce left the bar, returned shortly with a gun in each hand, and killed the Messrs. Krug and Diamond.

It may be stretching a point to infer from this that the average Brooklyn baseball fan will kill in defense of his team, but certainly he is far beyond the average supporter of any other big league team when it comes to violence, fanatical

loyalty, and—paradoxically—fickleness. The Brooklyn team is different, too. It's framed in an aura of daffiness; it attracts screwballs. Inevitably the city has witnessed weird and fanciful incidents in its fifty-odd years of big league baseball. They cannot be duplicated anywhere in the annals of the National Sport.

The current season has seen a renaissance in Flatbush. Under the guidance of Leland Stanford MacPhail, a gentleman whose early career was distinguished by an attempt to kidnap the German Kaiser, Brooklyn's baseball fortunes have suddenly turned upward. There are new and capable players in the line-up; there is night baseball, with its attendant hoopla, glamour, band music, and mosquitoes; there are radio broadcasts of every game; there is even a faint plausibility in the perennial statement of every Brooklyn rooter: "Next year we'll win the pennant." The proof of the pudding is in the seating: 549,887 fans paid their way into the park for the first thirty-

eight of seventy-seven home games, thus establishing Brooklyn as America's number one baseball borough in the matter of attendance.

The abnormal interest in Brooklyn baseball may be summed up in an incident this summer at Brighton Beach, where the management arranged to carry a play-by-play description of a Dodger-Giant double-header over the beach's public address system, and was rewarded when 75,000 bathers forgot everything else to concentrate on the battle. But the combination of sun, salt water, and excitement was too much: several hundred fist fights broke out at a critical point in the first game and the management cut off the broadcast.

What is it that gives the Brooklyn team that indescribable something which Hollywood, in its wisdom, calls "Oomph?" Why do World's Fair customers make it a point to take in at least one Dodger game while in New York? Why has Brooklyn never ranked lower than third in National League attendance with a team which finishes, on the average, in sixth place and with a ball park which seats only 32,000 people? Why, in short, have so many sane people gone screwy over a team which is lucky to finish in the first division?

The answers add up to a paradox. Brooklyn baseball has prospered because for the most part it has been gloriously stupid. When the team shows even a semblance of skill, the fans pour forth to watch in amazement and admiration. When it lapses into its customary ineptitude, they come to jeer. A victory over the despised New York Giants is something to rave about. Dodger fans, in short, have inferiority complexes which clamor continually for some neutralizing agent. Psychologists call this "displacement." On the two happy occasions when the Brooklyn team reached the World Series (in 1916 and 1920) joy in Flatbush turned into absolute madness; and there is nothing in the following, from the New York *Times* of 1916, to indicate that the schizophrenia of Dodger fans has changed much in 23 years:

Enthusiasm reached that point which makes it a blood relation to wildness . . . in the third inning when a hit by Cutshaw brought Daubert across the plate with the first run. Tin horns, cowbells, police whistles, and other inventions for making noises, combined with an ear-racking cataclysm of sounds which so filled the atmosphere for miles around with wave sounds as to put wireless telegraphy in Brooklyn out of business. It must have carried the news of a run scored for Brooklyn to the farmers of New Utrecht, Flatlands, and Gravesend, and to the few persons on duty at Borough Hall.

And the next day:

They rent the air with shrieks and stentorian cackinnations such as no theatrical noise creator ever dreamed of . . . accompanying them with such demonstrations of uncontrollable joy as must have warmed the hearts of the Superbas (Dodgers) to their tasks.

Accustomed for years to seeing his team perform atrocities, the Dodger fan has had to find an outlet for his pent-up rage and disappointment. On any number of occasions it has been the umpire who has suffered, as witness the following item in a recent New York paper:

An adverse ruling on an interference play in the home seventh made Umpires Klem, Sears and Ballanfant targets of pop bottles, beer mugs, towels, confettied programs and boos. They had previously ejected Manager Burleigh Grimes and Captain Leo Durocher for spleen-venting sneers on that decision.

The story is told of a fan brought before a Brooklyn magistrate for hurling a pop bottle at Umpire Magerkurth of the National League. Being a Dodger fan himself, the magistrate was inclined to be lenient and let the offender off provided he would promise not to repeat the offense. "Promise not to throw no more bottles?" screamed the embittered fan. "Next time I'll murder the thief!"

Baseball players working in such a frantic environment can't help

developing peculiarities and Brooklyn players have long been celebrated for eccentric behavior. There was, for example, the case of a nattily bearded outfielder, Frenchy Bordagaray, who has since left the Dodgers for the saner Cincinnati Reds. He pulled his *pièce de résistance* three or four years ago during a tight game with Chicago when, at a crucial point in the struggle, a Cub batter hit an easy fly for what should have been the last out of the inning. The light-hearted Bordagaray started with the crack of the bat and was about to make the catch when a gust of wind sent his cap skittering along the turf. Frenchy thereupon forgot the ball, which nearly hit him on the back, and rushed to retrieve his cap. Another Dodger, Babe Herman, is credited with catching a fly ball squarely on the top of his head. Herman has always denied the incident; once he even told a sportswriter that "He'd quit the game if he had such a thing happen to him." "Does the same thing go for catching it on the shoulder?" asked the scrivener. "Hell, no!" replied Herman quickly. "That's different."

Bordagaray and Herman typify the spirit of a team which always boasts two or three eccentrics. Once it harbored an ex-hogcaller from Arkansas named Clyde Day. Day

would stand on the pitcher's mound and bellow foolishly every time he struck out a batter. That fitted Brooklyn fine. The fans quickly caught on and co-operated to the fullest extent, their frenzied yodels echoing from the banks of the Gowanus Canal. Wilbert Robinson, then manager, was forced to curtail Day's vocal offerings when it began to appear that the whole team might take up the practice.

Obviously, the life of a Brooklyn manager is no bed of roses. Robinson was resigned, never letting the antics of his players upset him. Casey Stengel, who followed him, entered into the spirit of Flatbush with a sense of humor which made him brother to the fans. There was a period when the Faithful were riding Stengel brutally because of his team's inability to win games. He walked up to the plate one day and, in response to the usual storm of boos and catcalls, doffed his cap. Out flew a bird! The boos quickly turned into cheers. Burleigh Grimes, who succeeded Stengel, let the job get him down. He couldn't bear the sting of continuous defeats and the expert heckling of Brooklyn crowds. Last year a 17-year-old lad showed his immaturity by asking for Grimes' autograph while the Dodgers were trailing the hated Giants. He was rewarded with a

stiff punch to the stomach, for which a court later awarded him \$124 damages.

This year's manager, Leo Durocher, is a dynamic little man with a penchant for arguing with umpires. At the start of the current season, Brooklyn boasted three unpredictable pitchers — Van Lingle Mungo, Russell ("The Red") Evans, and Cletus Elwood Baron ("Boots") Poffenberger. Each enjoyed the reputation for a manly thirst and the habit of frequently disappearing from the scene. Durocher solved the problem, at least temporarily, by assigning Evans to keep Mungo out of trouble, Mungo to watch Poffenberger, and Poffenberger to take care of Evans. The plan worked until Mungo relaxed his vigilance one night and Poffenberger disappeared. He wound up in his home town in Maryland, where he remained at this writing.

II

Of the thousands of jokes at the expense of Brooklyn baseball, the most macabre was made by last year's famous suicide, John Warde, as he perched precariously on a ledge of the Gotham Hotel in New York. Someone suggested that Warde change his mind and go over to Ebbets Field for that afternoon's

ball game. "I'd rather jump than watch those Dodgers," Warde answered gloomily.

Probably Warde was a Giant fan with the general contempt of all Giant fans for their neighbors across the river. The Dodger-Giant feud is deep-rooted, especially in Flatbush. To the Faithful, every Brooklyn-New York game is a matter of life and death. The most famous game ever played between them was in September 10, 1924, when both clubs were fighting desperately for the National League Pennant. Brooklyn had just returned from the West after a fifteen-game winning streak which put it in second place, back of the Giants. Unable to buy even standing room at Ebbets Field, some 500 rabid fans found an old telephone pole on Bedford Avenue and with happy cries proceeded to use it as a battering ram, staving a great hole in the center field fence and swarming through like flies. The game quickly degenerated into a shambles. When a Giant batter hit a fly into the crowd packed against the foul lines, it dispersed miraculously, allowing the Brooklyn fielder to make the catch. But when Hack Wilson of the Giants went after a fly in the eighth inning, he was swallowed up, jostled, and shoved back on the field without

ball, cap, or glove. The Giants won.

Five years ago the Dodger-Giant feud reached another climax, following the famous remark by Giant-manager Bill Terry: "Brooklyn? Are they still in the League?" Dark were the scowls of the Flatbush Faithful when they read of this insult. The murder in their hearts can well be imagined when the National League race came down to its final two days with the Giants and Cardinals tied for first place and the former scheduled to play their two games with the Dodgers! Here was Brooklyn's chance for revenge. Great waves of Dodger fans surged into the Polo Grounds bearing placards reading: WE'RE STILL IN THE LEAGUE, TERRY! All the pent-up fury and frustration of Brooklyn baseball went into those two games with the result that the Giants were routed, and dropped into second place.

This year the Dodger-Giant feud has been as torrid as ever. Its climax came early in July. Brooklyn and New York were winding up a series at the Polo Grounds, with another four game set-to scheduled for the following week at Ebbets Field. Durocher, the Dodger manager, was being thrown out at first base when he chanced to plant his spiked shoe squarely upon the huge foot of one Zeke Bonura, a Giant in-

fielder. With a bellow of indignation Bonura pursued the fleet Durocher out into right field and commenced to belabor him. Durocher, meanwhile, defended himself with an elegant left hook to the chin. The two were brawling vigorously when their team mates and the umpires separated and ejected them from the game. The stage was set for the next step in the episode: the four-game series at Ebbets Field.

So great was the fever pitch attained by Brooklyn fandom for this series that even Mr. MacPhail himself became concerned lest there be murder or riot for which he might be held responsible, especially since he has done everything within his power to fan the fires of hatred between the two teams. Soda dispensers were instructed to pour all drinks in paper cups and keep the bottles. Signs appeared on every pillar and rafter of Ebbets Field warning the cash customers that anyone caught throwing bottles on the field would be arrested. A huge police detachment was assigned to the field to keep order, and an appeal for sportsmanship was made over loudspeakers before each game.

The first game, which chanced to fall on Ladies Day (Friday) was

enlivened by the arrest of two male Brooklynites who attempted to disguise themselves as trollops of Bedford Avenue, and thus gain advantage of the low tariff required of ladies on such occasions. Another gentleman felt constrained later to bring a suit against the Brooklyn Baseball Club for \$1.10 — the price of admission — charging that he had been trampled in the rush of femininity and prevented from seeing the game. The night before Saturday's double-header hundreds of Brooklyn fans slept on the sidewalks outside of Ebbets Field waiting for the gates to open at 10 A.M. Several hours before the first Saturday game was to start every seat was occupied, with hundreds of pinochle and rummy games serving to while away the long hours of waiting. Despite the customary vocal outbursts, however, and the hurling of two or three miscellaneous articles of fruit, the series was quiet. Two games went to each team.

It is reliably reported that when a convicted murderer, condemned to die on the evening following the first game, was asked to make his last request, he replied by inquiring the score of the Dodger-Giant game. Told that the Dodgers had triumphed, he smiled broadly.

► *The career of the new Soviet Ambassador shows how to succeed under dictatorship.*

MOSCOW'S MAN IN WASHINGTON

By JOSEPH H. BAIRD

WHEN I arrived in Moscow, at the end of 1933, to report Russia for an American press agency, four comrades with heavy blue pencils and important censors' seals sat guard in the Press Department of the Foreign Office. Though none of them was old, all were veteran communists, equally keen in tracking down the too-colorful adjective, the errant verb, the embarrassing fact. Since that time three of them — Podolsky, Mironoff, and Neumann — have passed into the limbo of the liquidated; whether they are dead, imprisoned, or in exile only a few can know. The fourth member of this quartet of censors — Constantine Oumansky — sits today in an ornate white stone palace on Washington's exclusive Sixteenth Street as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. He is only 37, short, chubby, near-sighted, with a mop of dark-brown hair and a nervous temperament. His career is a Bolshevik Success Story cut to measure by some Soviet Horatio Alger.

What is it, in the make-up of Comrade Oumansky, that explains his staying powers while those around home go down the political drain in Russia?

Of the censors who plagued correspondents' lives, Oumansky was neither smartest nor ablest. Certainly he was the least liked. But we had no hesitancy in marking him as a Young Man on the Way Up. "Oumansky will be a commissar one day," we said among ourselves. Under any social set-up he would have been a Young Man on the Way Up; there is always a type of ambitious young fellow who knows the right people and stops knowing them at the right time, who says the correct thing, and above all holds the correct up-to-the-minute views. He may be a martinet in his own little world, but he can fawn before authority. He places himself somehow on the right hand of the great when cameras click, and is safely distant when execution squads click. It was this type that we recognized in Constantine Oumansky.

In a double sense Russian politicians are divided into the quick and the dead. Kostya, as his friends call Oumansky, has always been among the quick. For others Bolshevism may have been an ideal or a consecrated vocation; for Kostya and thousands like him — the thousands who survive — it has been a career. His particular career is a striking demonstration of How to Make Good under a totalitarian regime.

Comrade Oumansky was born obscurely in the Ukraine. On the crest of the Revolution he landed in Moscow and in 1921 graduated from the university there. A facile-minded youth with an alert, go-getting manner, he grasped at political journalism as the first rung on the ladder of success. He became correspondent for the official Soviet news agency, Tass, in European capitals. With a gift for languages, he spoke German, French, English, and was passably proficient in a few others. Blessed with a sharp ear for distant political rumblings in the Kremlin, he moved safely through his years as correspondent in Rome and Paris. Not many of these correspondents have survived the various purges.

Back in Moscow, he was made Foreign Editor of Tass, under Jacob Doletzky. An American edi-

tor chooses what the public *wants* to read. A Soviet editor must choose what the dictatorship thinks the public *ought* to read. It is a fearful responsibility; an error of judgment may be repented in exile or in prison, as some of Oumansky's colleagues could attest. But Kostya emerged unscathed from the ordeal. Practically every man who held the Foreign Editor's desk at Tass before and after him is liquidated. Even his chief, Doletzky, is among the outcasts. Only Comrade Oumansky climbed toward the heights.

II

Oumansky came to know Maxim Litvinoff well in Geneva, where he often covered international conferences. The Commissar appreciated the boy's energetic ambition, and his "realism" or ability to adjust himself to changing political winds. In 1930 he moved Kostya in, over the heads of older officials, as chief of the Press Section or, to put it less elegantly, Chief Censor. Again it was a post calling for an acrobatic mentality, and an elastic conscience. Its occupant must please his political masters, and at the same time placate the press of the world. Even more than the diplomatic calling, the censorship job called for a talent in dissimulation.

Kostya had no difficulty. Other censors juggled facts out of duty — Kostya, it seemed to us, actually enjoyed that duty. Before him and after him press chiefs came and went in quick succession. But Kostya kept the job for nearly six years. Few greater feats of political dexterity can be cited.

Much of the job of greeting distinguished foreigners, especially writers, fell to him. Oumansky, smiling and effusive, would capture his charges at the railroad station, dash them to the best hotel, and start them headlong on an orgy of entertainment. Free, technically, to see what they chose, these visitors were actually imprisoned in a net of Soviet hospitality: eight-course dinners at the Foreign Office entertainment mansion on the Spiridonovka, tours of the city in high-powered cars, operas and ballets, flying visits to “model” factories, farms, and institutions. By the time Kostya delivered his Important Personages to westbound trains, they were dizzily convinced that they had seen and understood the Real Russia.

By reason of this monitorship over visiting celebrities, Kostya often penetrated into the presence of the mighty, even unto the almighty Stalin himself. These contacts with the royalty of Bolshe-

vism did wonders for his career. H. G. Wells, in his autobiography, recalls that during his interview with Stalin, “Mr. Oumansky sat down beside us, produced his notebook and patted it in a competent, expectant manner.”

There was one Big Name who did not melt under Oumansky's ministrations. That was William Christian Bullitt, our first Ambassador to the USSR. The two met casually in Washington when Oumansky accompanied Litvinoff in 1933. But they first squared off and took each other's measure in Moscow, soon after Bullitt's arrival, when he braved the censor in his den on behalf of the correspondents. Just what words were exchanged I do not know. But ever afterward our Ambassador's favorite name for the Chief Censor was one not included in polite dictionaries. And nothing acted more quickly to change Oumansky's famous smile to his equally famous sneer than the mere mention of Bullitt. When the American newspapermen gave a farewell dinner to Oumansky on his appointment as Embassy Counsellor in Washington, Bullitt, who was invited, was conspicuously absent.

The transfer to Washington was a lucky move, geographically, for Kostya. He was comfortably out of the way when the big Soviet purges

of these last years reached their bloodiest proportions. Whether by accident or design, he did not go back home until after his designation as Ambassador; nearly all the Embassy officials who left Washington for home during these years failed to return. His predecessor as Ambassador, Alexander Troyanovsky, is apparently in disfavor. Even Kostya's political sponsor, Litvinoff, is in the discard. Most of his immediate associates in Tass, in the Press Section, in the Washington Embassy, have fallen by the wayside. While others stumble to doom, Kostya marches on. No one has yet detected him in possession of the most dangerous private property contraband — ideas or views of his own. He may go even farther before his turn for liquidation comes.

Kostya's relations with the State Department have been very, very correct. But no more. A New York columnist reported on good authority that when the news of Comrade Oumansky's appointment reached Washington, someone in the State Department took the trouble to go through Eugene Lyons' book on Russia, *Assignment in Utopia*; he copied out passages

describing the new Ambassador and passed the assortment around among Department officials. Those descriptions of Oumansky in his former role as Chief Censor are far from flattering. Here is a sample:

... He (Oumansky) must have read in my smile, "The pompous little careerist, beneficiary of the revolution. He hates me because I see through him. A little storekeeper with a corner on revolution: ladies and gents, the genuine article in proletarian dictatorship!" In this suavely scheming Comrade Oumansky, clever with the devious shrewdness of a clothing salesman, ironical to underlings and toadying to higher-ups, discreetly indulging a sybaritic streak, I was coming to see (perhaps unfairly, but despite myself) the quintessence of revolutionary technique.

It may be surmised that the outer correctness does not conceal excessive affection for Moscow's man in Washington.

Oumansky has carefully avoided association with American communists, and his gaudy entertainments in the Sixteenth Street palace are not only respectable but fashionable. Society ladies, watching him bow punctiliously over a teacup, exclaim in an undertone, "But, my dear, he doesn't seem like a Bolshevik." His fallen colleagues probably would agree.



CAMERA FANS ARE SUCKERS

BY SIGMUND SAMETH

WHEN Edward Steichen borrowed from a museum collection the crude camera with which Daguerre made the first photograph and snapped a self-portrait as fine as could be taken with any modern instrument, he was simply proving the expert photographer's maxim: *It's the man behind the camera that takes the picture*. Yet camera amateurs today — and there are millions of them — steadfastly disregard this truism and spend fabulous amounts for new cameras and camera gadgets. When one fails to provide the expected improvement, the addict buys another and then another. The manufacturers have a hard but happy time keeping up with the demand. At a trade convention recently a dealer reported that Saturday afternoon crowds in his store were too large to handle. "There were too many people for us to sell merchandise," he complained. "They got in each other's way and couldn't approach the counters to make purchases!"

How is it, then, that so expensive

a hobby has attained such a hold in the midst of a depression? The answer seems to be that camera fans are suckers.

Most of the gadgets bought and sold across the counters of the country are for miniature cameras, or minicams — a word which the *Saturday Review of Literature* called "the ugliest coinage of recent years." It is typical of camera amateurs today that the chief factor in the commercial success of minicams is their looks. They're cute; some are no larger than a pack of cigarettes and don't even look like cameras. To carry one around is considered smart. It seems easy for the tyro to believe that these snappy little numbers can defy the law of optics and take pictures with almost no effort or skill on the photographer's part.

Manufacturers, of course, encourage this delusion. One advertised his product as "The Camera That Thinks for You." Another announced, "Anything You Can See, You Can Take," and still

another called his "The Cat's-Eye Camera." Nobody, however, bothered to point out that Edward Weston, the only photographer to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship, owns a slow rectilinear lens costing \$5. That Cecil Beaton gained his reputation with a small folding Kodak or that Martin Muncaci, the fashion photographer, had a full-page illustration in a big-circulation magazine snapped with a Brownie which he borrowed when he ran out of film for his large camera. That Avery Slack, specialist in glamour portraits, once took an outstanding photo of George Arliss with a \$6 Kodak. Or that Victor Keppler, Eugene Hutchinson, Lejaren á Hiller, top names in illustrative photography, all have used the little box Brownie.

With this disregard for the facts of photography, it is no wonder that one-third of the snapshots taken by amateurs don't turn out because of such elementary faults as improper focusing or exposure, and that frequently a photographer with equipment worth hundreds of dollars pulls such boners as threading rolls so crookedly that the protective paper tears and negatives become light-streaked. In a booklet issued for amateurs, one film manufacturer lists forty-four various causes of picture-failure,

all of them common, while a photo-finishing company reports cases of rolls forced into cameras backward, so that the film surface is never exposed at all. Another film concern claims that six good pictures on a roll of eight means good snapshotting to the average amateur. In winter, when light conditions are least dependable, the proportion is even lower: of every three photos taken, one fails to turn out. The significant fact is that only one of these failures in sixty is caused by a mechanical defect!

In an effort to counteract their faulty technique, amateurs load their cameras with such gaudy appurtenances as spring-driven motors for winding and tripping the shutter; prismatic view finders allowing the photographer to look in the opposite direction while he snaps his picture; cables thirty feet long permitting photography by remote control; devices focusing two stereoscopic images with a single lens, and optical viewing machines to scan the results; and so on. For those who wish to take single exposures, instead of the regulation roll, a special metal holder may be had for tiny glass plates. Even a modified gunstock can be clamped to the camera, the picture lined up through military peep sights and taken by pulling a

trigger. . . . There are so many of these gadgets that a recently published photographic-buyers handbook became obsolete while it was still on the presses. The camera most widely advertised today uses twelve interchangeable lenses and claims to have over five hundred accessories available.

Cameras for which the amateurs fall are expensive out of all proportion to their use. A foreign-made minicam which costs \$70 to manufacture increases in cost more than five times before it reaches the consumer; factory mark-up, import duties, taxes, and the profits of the importer and dealer raise the price to \$375. Another miniature camera sells for \$650, still another for \$450, and a third for \$171, without the lens. Lenses, in turn, cost from \$42 to \$289. One super-speed, long-focus lens for taking "candid" at long range costs \$1600. The expensiveness of cameras and gadgets, it seems, is matched only by the gullibility of those who buy them.

If expensive equipment is no prerequisite for fine photography, neither is it important in developing pictures, although the gadget-market abounds in electric motors to agitate developing tanks, water-pressure apparatus for cleansing films, and similar luxuries. News-

paper cameramen have used the same three-solution developers for twenty years. Steichen's formula is printed on every package of film. Alfred Steiglitz uses a ready mixed developing powder which he dips out of the can with a spoon. "Everything I do can be done in the bathroom with the simplest equipment," he says. The operations which he follows in the actual making of a photograph could be learned by a bright pupil in half an hour, but here again the amateur goes in for expensive elaborations on the basic formula. Photography, to the amateur, appears to be something that must be done the hard way, or not at all.

Americans own 15,000,000 recently purchased cameras, one for every other family in the country. In New York City alone camera shutters snap approximately 1,300,000 times a week.

Most of these multitudes of camera addicts forget that photography is an art and not a business. When they see an outstanding picture hanging on a dealer's wall, they always ask what kind of a camera was used to take it. What they should ask is, "Who was the man *behind* the camera that took this?" That's where camera fans are suckers.

THE MILLIONAIRE LUNATIC FRINGE

BY ISABEL LUNDBERG

*M*RS. WANAMAKER MUNN showed up the other evening with no less than eighteen gold bracelets on one arm. . . . Jack White's 18 Club, where the most demented charades are in order and all the customers are characterized as lice by the management. . . . Mrs. John Fiske Paine, Jr., has a red-and-white monkey bar in her Park Avenue penthouse and serves cocktails from a silver penguin called Alfred. . . . Mrs. Jay O'Brien's pink-silk bed sheets and pillowcases that cost \$4.50 every time they are sent to be cleaned. . . . Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson are having a few small parties at their charming new dusty pink house (reported to have been painted to match her lounging pajamas). . . .

Only occasionally, when some doings of the *haut monde* crash the front pages, is the average citizen startled by a glimpse of life on the millionaire lunatic fringe. Then the subway trade shakes its work-weary head in abashed bewilderment, reading about a diamond-studded debut, Tommy Manville's latest amorous escapade, a divorce that airs expensive dirty linen, or

fisticuffs in a platinum-plated drawingroom or swishy hot spot. But humble mortals need not wait for the front-page displays. The antics of the so-called smart set are faithfully, proudly, chronicled from coast to coast on the Society Page of the daily newspaper — from which the gems displayed above have been plucked — in society magazines, or in the succulent columns of Lucius Beebe, the syndicated sybarite.

It is not every day, though, that a Brenda Diana Duff Frazier crashes upon an astounded world. The 1938 debut of Society's Glamour Girl pulled out all the editorial stops, and well it might. Not a cent less than "\$3,000,000 worth of orchids, ermine and diamonds" graced the Ritz-Carlton ballrooms that night, said one authoritative estimate. At 4 the next morning corks were still popping; the steady demand kept forty men constantly at work, uncorking and pouring. At 4:30, surrounded by admiring youths and completely indifferent to the Louis XVIII

plinths and cornucopias, the object of all this interior decorating was seen to drape a tablecloth around her shoulders to keep warm. The bill Miss Frazier's mother had to pay, as the New York *World-Telegram* calculated it, probably looked something like this:

Supper, breakfast and use of Grand Ballroom, Foyer, Oval Room, Palm Court..	\$ 7500
Breakage.....	1000
Champagne.....	1000
Scotch, rye, soft drinks....	1000
Music (25-piece dance or- chestra and 6-piece Hun- garian Gypsy orchestra)...	2500
Private detectives.....	350
Decorations (50 doz. calla lilies at \$1 apiece, several hundred poinsettias at \$1, one thousand or more chrysanthemums at \$6 a doz.).....	4500
Tips (100 waiters, 20 cap- tains, 5 asst. captains)....	1000
Gowns and accessories for debutante and mother (not including jewels)....	1000
Stag line of 300.....	500
Social secretary.....	2500
Total.....	\$22,850

Yet even this magnificent display hardly rivaled Barbara Hutton's fabulous Ritz-Carlton debut in 1930. Babs' party, staged under a blue-gauze sky and a *papier-mâché* moon, was described sur-realistically by Helen Worden:

One thousand guests, four orchestras, one hundred musicians, two hundred waiters, ten thousand American Beauty roses, Rudy Vallee, twenty thousand

white violets, Joseph Urban, one thousand five-course midnight suppers, Mme. Argentina, one thousand breakfasts, fifty thousand dollars, and all the silver birch trees, scarlet poinsettias, mountain heather and tropical greens that could be rushed from California and Florida.

Less than six months before the Frazier exhibition, tongues wagged and crowds flocked to Newport to witness another gaudy presentation. Lesley Hyde Ripley's parents were introducing her to society in a freshly built addition to their home, reputed to have cost anywhere from \$10,000 to \$25,000 and destined for the housewreckers next morning!

Parties, of course, are the breath of life to the pace-setters in any socially "arrived" community, but debutante parties are not the only ones that tax the ingenuity of hostesses. Accompanying some photographs of what seemed to be residents of Sing Sing, one smart-sheet recently ran the following:

To an annual birthday party the C. Henry Buhls summon Detroit's best in prison garb. Under the stars by Lake St. Clair, waiters dressed as policemen pass tin and paper plates, unbreakable mugs, guests in stripes and denim circulate mustard and catsup bottles over oilcloth tables.

The invitations were mock summonses to appear in court, "In the State of Inebriation, County of Fun." Last December a Long Is-

land squire sent out "mad" invitations to a Christmas party "in honor of all tootsies." "Come and help horrify the American Girl," and "Let me know if you are coming, dopey," read the elaborately engraved cards of invitation.

According to Lucius Beebe, however, "America's Number One Party Giver" is not Elsa Maxwell but Alfred I. Barton, currently manager of Miami Beach's "very snooty, very costly and very chic Surf Club." Mr. Barton gives his friends simple buffet luncheons at which "grilled pheasant and plover's eggs are the prevailing equivalents of hamburgers and hot dogs." He thinks nothing of having tables for 300 "built entirely of ice specially frozen so as not to melt and the gelid depths of each block decorated with orchids frozen in." For a trailer-camp party, Mr. Beebe reports, host Barton

rounded up a score of the most ancient and battered jallopies to be found in Florida . . . and the guests drove them merrily around the lobbies and restaurants, oversetting tables and dowagers and colliding amidst fountains of glass, spare parts and debutantes.

Anything goes — and the less polite the better. The Atlantic Beach Club's barn dance over one Labor Day week-end featured a greased pig wrestling match and a

spelling bee, and climaxed the evening with, of all things, a spitting contest!

II

In recent years the cocktail party has risen steadily in Society's graces, until today it is among the "musts" in the moneyed lunatic fringe. Not all the top-rung cocktail shindigs match those of John Joseph O'Donahue, III, in his Park Avenue apartment, but many come close. Mr. O'Donahue's little gatherings, it has been reported, "reach such a pitch of screaming dementia that the guests invariably fear the entry of the police. . . . Mr. O'Donahue reassures them that in case of a pinch his secretary has prepared releases starting: 'Among those arrested were —'"

At Ronald ("Ronnie") Balcom's cocktail supper in the Cottage Suite of Hampshire House, "A gentleman wearing a gay-nineties handlebar moustache rode through the room on an old-fashioned bicycle," and to add to the confusion, "a 'drunken waiter' brought the wrong drinks, whisked away forks about to be used, removed untouched plates of food, and otherwise had everyone in hysterics." Even after it was discovered that the waiter was part of the enter-

tainment, confided the *World-Telegram* reporter, "he continued to run away with the show." The "waiter," Frank Libuse, we are told, "is a real society pet. Mrs. Vincent Astor has had him worry her guests on several occasions."

Unless they've bogged down at a morning musicale somewhere, the chances are that most of the cocktail set attend one of the three or four charity luncheons that take place almost every week day in the season. Patricia Coffin is authority for this one:

Klieg lights, movie cameras, coils of cable and yapping canines turned the Versailles into the semblance of a Hollywood set at luncheon time yesterday. Mrs. Clarence Busch, who was responsible for the dog idea, which in turn inspired the newsreels to take pictures, was a prisoner in a tangle of leashes.

Outside, four chauffeurs were needed to cope with the piles of rummage collected for the New York Committee of Mothers Health Centers. At the Ritz a charity luncheon fashion show of jewels, displayed by their owners, was "valued at nearly the amount of the war debt."

It isn't often that men, even society men, go in for fashion previews at lunch, but in January Bronson ("Tony") Williams staged one at the Hotel Madison, called

"A Gentleman's Wardrobe." As noted by the New York *Post* observer, "One of the popular frights was a plum-faced evening dress overcoat to wear over colored dinner suits. Mr. George Greenhalgh, one of the Greenhalghs of Berryville, Virginia, fancies this rig in plum and green." Another entry, "a natty social dresser from Illinois . . . has the overcoat and dinner suit in plum to match his Cadillac." Mr. Williams himself sponsors "a canary dinner jacket for tropical wear and Mr. Myron Darby not only wears this creation but one in red velvet. The overcoat is lined with gold satin." The sartorial *crème de la crème* of the show was supplied by Beau Beebe and his blue cashmere overcoat lined with mink and topped by an astrakhan collar and revers.

The private dinners are usually quiet little affairs, with from twenty to a hundred guests, given at one of the clubs or hotels. Elsa Maxwell gave a small dinner last December for the Baroness Eugénie de Rothschild. The *World-Telegram* said next day:

Elsa's party took place in the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, which looked more like a child's dream of Christmas morning than a dining room. The small tables at which the guests were seated were loaded with toys. Tiny, illuminated Swiss chalets

clung to miniature snowy slopes, baby motorboats scooted across mirror lakes, hundreds of Tom Thumb Santas drove teams of reindeer the size of crickets across the tablecloths.

Photography has proved such a boon to the socially ambitious, as well as to those who live off them, that getting a picture of your face or your place in the papers is virtually the *sine qua non* of survival in the plushier circles. To the brash suggestion of the *New Yorker* that resident photographers might be dispensed with at the tony night clubs, Lucius Beebe had this blistering retort:

The thought itself is enough to give Fefe Ferry [Monte Carlo], John Perona [El Morocco], Sherman Billingsley [Stork Club] and other white-tie entrepreneurs vertigo, as it is a suggestion, not only in the direction of sheer madness, but of immediate and certain bankruptcy for any establishment that might act on it. Toss out the floor show, throw away the band, tear up the decorations and bring in for waiter captains the familiar gorillas of Prohibition, and a night club might still be a success. But dispense with the photographers and the establishment's number is up, the bell is tolled at Lloyd's and the rented waiter's jackets can go back. The cameraman is about the only fixture in contemporary social existence that is absolutely indispensable and without whose presence no proprietor can hope to open for business a second night.

Not to see, but to be seen, is what brings the flashy set out on the town night after night.

III

The crazy-hat craze began way back last winter, among the *ultra* society women. In one fashionable dining room a luncheon guest wore "a whole white dove perched on a bit of black velvet." In another "Baroness Monica Henkle wore a black felt funnel filled with a large green velvet cabbage on her red tresses." In the early spring the *New York Post* scout wrote of a vivacious deb that she "appeared in a stupendous Sally Victor creation of blue kid and black suede. It was so enormous it made a sombrero look like a child's beret."

A young man who will, almost certainly, be designing gowns for the lunatic fringe next season is Raoul Pène du Bois, nephew of Guy, the painter. A mere stripling, Mr. du Bois swam into the Broadway orbit several seasons ago and proved enormously successful at fashioning scenic phantasmagoria for Billy Rose. His latest effort, which makes him the ideal candidate for the screwball dressers in society, "consisted of a flowing robe, to be worn by a six-foot Aphrodite, made completely out of hundreds of small, chirping, live white mice woven into an ermine like fabric." Young Mr. du Bois' mistake was in trying to sell show-

girls on the idea of wearing it. He would have encountered less resistance on Park Avenue.

So incandescent have theatre first nights become that even the most orchidaceous journalists are frequently stunned by them. Cholly Knickerbocker, at the opening of *Dear Octopus*, included among those present, "Lillie Harriman Havemeyer, weighted down to her seat by the most opulent silver fox 'farm' any human being ever attempted to carry about." Describing the turn-out for the Noel Coward-Beatrice Lillie revue, *Set to Music*, Dixie Tighe wrote, "For jewels I give you Mrs. Jessie Donahue. Do not think that Mrs. Donahue came out on such a cold night with just *one* string of pearls. She wore two . . . and a string of emeralds so large she gave the appearance of being marked, 'go'."

Photographers at these resplendent mob scenes have not yet reached the point of asking the society leaders, "Would you mind giving us a shot of your tatooing?" But the answer might well be in the affirmative. Members of our best-advertised families are known to be colorfully embellished on limbs and torso with lovers' knots, anchors, and what-have-you. The vogue originated with the British, from whom the American snob-

ocracy gets many of its inspirations. According to the experts of *Town & Country*, Mrs. Paul Abbott and Mrs. Arthur White sport butterflies on their knees, Haydie Eames Yates goes around with a kewpie on her thigh, and Caresse Crosby Young with a cross on the sole of her foot; "and half the Maryland hunting set with fox heads on their epidermes." The *Town & Country* sleuth uncovered a head, serpent, and assorted symbols on Alfred Victor du Pont's left arm, a cock fight on the shoulder of E. B. Condon, and art works on other aristocratic pelts.

Wherever they happen to be, inhabitants of the lunatic fringe can be counted on to maintain their high batting average. Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl) is "the most talked of woman in Paris." At one function it was reported

Lady Mendl was the sartorial sensation of the dinner in a red, white and blue costume with towering red feathers in her blue hair and blue and white feathers on her white wrists. Her hair . . . is a shade that leans more to Mediterranean blue than to the Nile green she affected a few seasons ago.

Time was when the arrival of a trainload of New Yorkers in Philadelphia, brought on to liven up a Drexel-Biddle wedding, was the last word; it would be commonplace today. "The old lavish ges-

ture of chartering a railroad car for wedding guests," the *Daily News* reported in November, "was topped last Friday when an entire transport plane was chartered" to fly guests from New York to a fashionable Chicago wedding. Another bridal party, complete to the last usher, was shipped to Bermuda for the Robinson-Peabody ceremony in the spring. And last July, when her oldest daughter, Louise, was married to a Scottish lawyer, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, the *World-Telegram* subsequently disclosed, "took the family, the minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church and his wife and a group of bridesmaids and ushers off to the Highlands for the great event."

There is, apparently, no end to the forms of insanity and extravagance that can be indulged in by anyone with unlimited sums of money to dispose of, and probably no one has explored the possibilities more thoroughly than Tommy Manville, the pixie of café society. The following is by way of example:

Playboy Tommy Manville . . . was whooping it up around the town on Saturday night. In an old-fashioned hansom cab hired at the Plaza Fountain, the irrepressibly gay Mr. Manville toured 52nd St., stopping off at each little converted hole in the wall to sample the swing, and finally he ordered the driver to make for the Diamond Horseshoe at breakneck speed.

Arriving there, his spirits rose higher. He ordered a couple of rounds of champagne for all the girls in the show, tipped two waiters \$100 each and then offered Nick, the maître d'hôtel \$1,000 to bring the hansom and horse downstairs. Nick spurned the grand, but others didn't. They rushed up to the street and gently guided old Dobbin and the carriage to the freight elevator. And when they had made a safe descent downstairs Mr. Manville had disappeared. Likewise the two blondes who accompanied him.

But the asbestos heir is not alone in his be-dollared eccentricities. He has, in fact, the very best of company, as these random notes will show:

Eddie Reeves [chain groceries] begins his luncheon at the Savoy-Plaza almost always with consommé, half clam and half chicken broth, topped off with whipped cream. . . . Woolie Donahue [five-and-ten stores] is apt to start off with a double gin and coca-cola. . . . Paul Flato, the "court jeweler" of Fifth Avenue, having a hanker for one of those cowboy belts studded with brass bosses and fake jewels, has had one run up with solid gold fixtures and real rubies and topazes worth \$12,000. . . . Laddie Sanford has the most fetching bathing trunks seen in the male swim of fashions. Very brief, they're striped white lastex with a tiny flying fish painted at one side. . . .

But why go on?

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE society editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner* lets his genteel customers in on a trade secret:

Among those we sincerely dislike are persons coming from elsewhere who make claims they're real society leaders in their old home town, when actually they're plain four-flushers. Just the other day a woman with a theatrical voice telephoned that she had arrived from Gotham to pass the next few months here and wanted her presence heralded in headlines. She made various claims and assertions. We became suspicious. And in response to a query about her, Cholly Knickerbocker wired from New York:

"Woman of no importance whatever. Publicity hound. No social background. We give her the air here in New York. Regards."

FINAL proof that the sunny state has some real connoisseurs, able to make fine distinctions, is provided by an advertisement in the Los Angeles *Times*:

HOB0 wanted, 1st class, must be typist & know his towns. Brd. & room until we hit. No tramps, bindlestiffs or bums wanted. Must be over 45. Box A-268, Times.

FLORIDA

THE Miami *Herald* advertises a modest quest:

I want a Christian healer that can heal the same as Jesus; that can heal my eyes. Call for J. W. Johnson, 2222 NW 3rd Court.

ILLINOIS

ARCH WARD, erudite sports writer of the Chicago *Tribune*, discovers another menace to national morals:

Galento has trained on alcoholic drinks and has violated almost every recognized essential of sound conditioning. . . . If he succeeds on that routine, isn't it reasonable to assume that younger men who regard the heavy-weight boxing championship as something intrinsically, culturally, and spiritually important may be tempted to follow in his footsteps?

COMMUNITY spirit knows no bounds in Taylorville, an AP dispatch attests:

Preparing for Taylorville's centennial celebration, starting July 23, men folks nowadays have beards of all types, stages of growth and color. Policemen agreed to grow vandykes; street department employees, mutton chops; firemen, full beards, and Mayor J. W. Spreser, in a class by himself, has a handle-bar mustache and sideburns.

INDIANA

ROYALISM raises its crowned head in the letter columns of the Indianapolis *Times*:

What a difference the boundary line between Canada and the United States makes! On the Canadian side the King and Queen meet their subjects. On the American side, they will meet their equals.

Here we have 130 million royal sovereigns, every man a king, every woman a queen. Our royal Americans do not curtsy to their fellow sovereigns. We are royal blood, rulers of our destiny without pomp and ceremony. We acknowledge no superiors among us. We pay no tribute to crowned heads. We acclaim democracy with equality for all before the law. We are not subjects, but equal sovereigns.

IOWA

RELIGIOUS note from the over-candid Lone Tree *Reporter*:

The June meeting of the Evangelical and Reformed Missionary society will be hell in the church parlors next Wednesday. The lesson topic for the day is "Christian Women In Action."

MASSACHUSETTS

AMERICAN leadership in scientific experiment and research is courageously upheld on a legislative rostrum, the Boston *Post* records:

To prove that he could talk without waving his arm, Representative John B. Wenzler of South Boston yesterday addressed the House with his right arm bound to his side.

MINNESOTA

At long last a city lives up to its name, the Minneapolis *Journal* reports:

Fertile, Minn., June 27. — At 83, Henry L. Gaylord, Fertile attorney, is

the father of a bouncing son, his eighteenth child. Gaylord has lived in Fertile more than 60 years.

CONTRIBUTION to the history of the world's races is offered gratis through the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* by one of its readers:

Sir: The ancient Hebrews had a habit of shortening their words. Isaac became Sac, which made the descendants of Isaac Sac's sons, and finally Anglo-Saxons. Angel means messenger, and that is why the Anglo-Saxons have been the world's best messengers of the Isaaic covenant, which has developed into the Gospel. The ten lost tribes of Israel are the Anglo-Saxons. The other two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, are the Jews. For the Jews to find their long-lost brethren, they have only to shake hands with the Anglo-Saxons.

NEW JERSEY

HOUSEHOLD improvements in Bridgeton are suggested by a public-sale announcement in the local *Evening News*:

Public Sale of Household Goods: One old fashioned teat-a-teat settee, 2 dressers with glasses, large looking glass, etc.

NEW YORK

THE town of Goshen, keen on pedigree, hails the arrival of the British sovereigns:

Canada, in its current acclaim of British royalty, has nothing on this village which, over Independence Day, will do honor to a couple of Dukes named after, if not of, the reigning family of England. They are the Duke of Windsor, two-year-old pacer; and his full

brother, the Duke of York, three-year-old wiggler. Both sons of Abbedale, and bred at nearby Village Farm, Langhorne, Pa., these two royal equines will start at Goshen's first Grand Circuit meeting of 1939.

THE decline of democracy is bewailed by the Nazi *Free American*:

A great "Oh" of protest went up from the audience when Colin Ross, the speaker, initiated his remarks with the statement: "I love Hitler!" To say such a thing in public is to cover oneself with an inglorious, if not actually dangerous reputation, it seems.

OHIO

THE Navy Club of America picks a bone with Grover Whalen, according to the *Marion Star*:

Resolutions passed were: 1. Condemning the New York World's Fair committee for setting aside Oct. 27 as Pest Eradication Day when it has been observed for several years as Navy day, commemorating the birth of the late President Theodore Roosevelt.

OKLAHOMA

THE progress of Culture in the oil country is dutifully chronicled in the *Oklahoma Daily*, campus paper at the State University:

The drum majors' course, to be held June 29 to July 14, doubled its enrollment last year and is expected to have even bigger registration this year, with the addition of flag-twirling to the curriculum.

WASHINGTON

THE Amalgamated Americans, in a printed statement distributed in Seattle, tell you exactly how to get the kind of government *you don't deserve*:

We receive the kind of government we deserve, unless we take an active, intelligent and effective part in it.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

APPETIZING boost for a hotel at Grantham is culled from a travel booklet by readers of the *London Statesman and Nation*:

Under its very roof, in the present coffee-room, King Richard III signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham; who could fail to enjoy an excellent lunch in such Royal surroundings?

GERMANY

DR. WILLIBALD HENTSCHEL, in No. 640 of the Nazi journal *Der Hammer*:

Round up a thousand German girls of the purest stock. Isolate them in a camp. Then let them be joined by a hundred German men equally of purest stock. If a hundred such camps were set up, you would have a hundred thousand thoroughbred children at one stroke.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Postscript on the Royal Visit

THE visit of the British royal couple has now receded into perspective. Socially it was an immense success, reflecting no end of credit on everyone concerned. The King and Queen were model guests; they played a hard and trying part faultlessly. Coming to us as they did after six weeks of intensive travel, appearing on a continuous run of matinees and one-night stands, they might have gone through their role in a dull and perfunctory way, from sheer exhaustion. On the contrary, they used every opportunity to show themselves interested, gracious, and charming, and left us with a lasting impression of delightful agreeableness and courtesy. As for our part, I think we may fairly say in our own homely Yankee phrase, we did ourselves proud. Stage-managing a royal tour is a delicate business, and rather out of our national line. We have had royalty here before, of course, but never in such formal, full-dress style. Our program-making seems to have been considerate and our

mechanical management worked out well; our people showed about as good a spirit of hospitable civility as our guests might expect to encounter in any country not their own. Considering the occasion simply as a courteous attention to a friendly people, the royal visit was a great success all round.

Unfortunately, however, such visits always bear a state as well as a social character. They are always undertaken for a state purpose, and one invariably so obvious as to give a disagreeable aftertaste to the whole enterprise. It is so in this instance. The taste of the visit, while it was going on, was exceedingly good; but its aftertaste is not good. However favorably impressed an intelligent American may be, he cannot be unaware that this unusual and striking gesture would not have been made unless it were hoped that something might be got by it; and this is a most disturbing reflection. When your neighbor in private life makes a sudden great show of friendliness under circumstances

which leave no doubt that he wants to get something out of you, you are annoyed and embarrassed. It is exactly this annoyance and embarrassment which must, and should, make the aftertaste of the royal visit so unpleasant to the intelligent self-respecting American.

Delightful affairs socially, these state visits are, from the political point of view, simply so much high-grade panhandling. They are sanctioned by custom; are one of the many disagreeable duties which every ruler must be prepared to take on whenever occasion requires. When Queen Victoria visited the French emperor, she was cadging. When Edward VII went the rounds in the early nineteen hundreds, he was cadging with a vengeance. When Albert of Belgium visited us during the War, he was cadging — and he was a dreadful washout at it, by the way, not having been properly trained for that sort of thing and not being at all the sort of man to take to it naturally. In making this recent visit to Canada and the United States, the King and his consort were doing something which is all in the day's work for royalty, and has never been anything else. The polite name for these errands is "good-will visits." They have one or both of two objects in view. One

is to stimulate trade, and the other is to get political support.

As far as our country is concerned, however, the matter of trade does not cut any figure. The serious side of the royal errand in the United States was not especially the promotion of trade, nor yet apparently was it so in Canada. In fact, good-will visits in behalf of trade are mostly window dressing. To some extent they are useful in engineering favorable tariffs, trade-regulations, and such-like, but they do not go much beyond this, nor does the sentiment they arouse affect the course of trade particularly. They have to be backed up by something substantial in the way of price and quality. For instance, the King and Queen were just about embarking for their return voyage when I saw by a Montreal paper that a Canadian concern had bought \$300,000 worth of German machinery. A week later, while the royal party was still on the ocean, I saw that the Canadian fish-packers were in a dreadful dither because English importers had closed a deal for \$8,000,000 worth of Japanese canned fish, and nothing could be done about it. *Geschäft ist Geschäft*, and no sentimental pressure of good-will visits can make anything else of it.

The King's serious errand with Canada and with us was wholly political. What the British Government wants is to be able to count on North America as a whole for moral and material support in its Continental adventures. It wants able-bodied help, in short, in pulling some very hot chestnuts out of the fire. That is the plain and obvious fact underlying all the impassioned volubility about democracy and international morality being sluiced around us by the combined forces of press, radio, pulpit, and forum. The purpose of the royal good-will visit was to influence American sentiment in favor of this propaganda, and thus maneuver us into taking the British point of view on European affairs.

England, I believe, is in no danger of attack, if she minds her own business. But if she does mind her business she promptly loses her status as a first-class power. It is that sorry alternative which worries the British government at this moment, and no one can blame it for doing all it can to keep its head above the water.

II

I have not the faintest idea how the British colonies feel about all this. I do know, however, how they

might conceivably feel about it with an eye to their own future, for *Geschäft ist Geschäft* in politics as well as in trade; sentiment counts for little in the long run. As a world power, England has led a petering-out existence for the last fifty years; say, ever since the Boer War. So has France ever since, say, the fall of the Second Empire. England lived for years on her foreign trade; when that dwindled, she lived on her savings; and now she is living mainly on the production of armaments—the Government is spending every penny it can scrape up on the production of objects which have not the slightest capital value, and the end of this is in plain sight. France is no better off. From the long-time point of view, then, it seems clear that leadership in affairs on that side of the world is bound to pass into other hands. Allowing for whatever setbacks and postponements may take place, one can hardly doubt that all the future Europe has will fall to younger and more vigorous peoples. It is possible, then, that colonial offshoots of France and England which are on their own feet may decide that it would be money in their pockets to be on terms with the rising tide, rather than with the ebbing tide.

Whether so or not, it is distinctly the business of the United States to take a season ticket for the grandstand, and watch the game as a disinterested spectator until it is played out. We should be polite and pleasant about all the good-will visits and other overtures which may come our way, but we should turn the fishy eye and the marble heart on any attempt to cash in on them. As Old Gorgon Graham told his son, it is all right to be nice and mellow in these matters, but we should never forget that mellowness carried too far becomes rottenness. Bolstering up the ramshackle status of Britain and France as first-class powers is all very well for anybody who wants to do it, but it is not our pigeon.

As I write this, the Russo-British conferences are in their tenth week and still unfinished, so there is no telling how they will finally turn out, but to date Russia has certainly set us a good example. It would seem that the Russian Government is no keener on a British-French alliance than we ought to be, and possibly for the same reason — that it doesn't care a picayune whether Britain and France keep their places as first-class world powers or shrink down into fourth-class powers. Russia,

like ourselves, is in the best of positions to feel that way; and as far as the negotiations have gone, something of the sort might be inferred from the fact that Comrade Molotov has been steadily giving Mr. Chamberlain's emissaries the run-around.

Whatever Russia or any other country may do, our people should get it clearly into their heads that what England really wants of us is that we should prop up a busted and decrepit imperialist hegemony. Then, in my opinion, our people should decide firmly that this is not worth doing, and that even if it were ever so well worth doing, it isn't our job. Finally I would suggest that when our alien star-boarders and our "home-grown missionaries," as Dr. Beard so well calls them, try to tell us about our sacred duty to world democracy, they should be listened to calmly and politely to the finish, and then dismissed with three loud Bronx cheers. Let the Anglophiles and the Francophiles blow off all the steam they like, along with the Comrades and the Bunds and the fellow-travelers — that is their constitutional privilege — but let us remember that as free-born American sovereigns we have the priceless right to thumb our noses at them.

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

About the Bat

IN the late hours of these summer evenings, at the time when dusk is just becoming night, there fare abroad innumerable small companies of winged things. The hawk-moths come out now, soundless and swift, to take their nourishment from phlox and zinnia; whippoor-wills, hungry for noctuids, are astir in forest places; over the open fields and pastureland the broad-winged owls are hunting for meadow-mice. High in the night sky — their presence made known to man only by the soft sound of fluttering wings and the thin shrill music of a squeaky “song” — there fly a myriad of bats.

Earlier man, squinting up into the summer darkness and hearing the rustle of leathery bat-wings that he could not see, was persuaded that demons were abroad. Bats, he believed, were of Satan. The hairy night-flying beast, with wings like a bird and thumbs like a man, at once fascinated and appalled him, and he invested it with strange and magic properties. Generations of Sicilians thought bats were the

wandering souls of men who had been murdered; whole nations of medieval Europeans supposed the bat to be a form of witch; in the Carpathians there grew the legend of the vampire. Creature of the darkness, the bat quite naturally became, for medieval man, a symbol and ingredient in all things dark — black magic and sorcery and conjuration. “If you wish to see anything deep in the night,” instructed Albertus Magnus, “anoint your face with the blood of a bat”; if you would arouse a woman to unholy lust, leered Pliny, it can be accomplished by the surreptitious placing of a clot of bat’s blood underneath her pillow. The “wool of bats” was a prime ingredient for witch-broth, the eyes of bats a subtle love-potion, the dung of bats a protection against scorpions. In a thousand wild beliefs there accreted around bats, down through the centuries, such an aura of the sinister and the satanic as man has not bestowed on any other beast.

Even today, shreds and vestiges of this long dark reputation still

attach to bats. There are still plenty of men who are sure that bats, if not diabolical, are at least teeming verminous; there are still frightened women who suppose that bats have a dangerous affinity for human hair, delighting to entangle their membranous wings so firmly in it that the hair must be cut off; there is still widespread belief that bats are blind. Since none of these notions, as it happens, is any truer than Galenus' supposition that a mixture of bat-brains and buckthorn would improve dim eyesight, and since the true and actual natural history of bats is quite sufficiently remarkable, it may be a good idea now — in this summer heyday of the flitter-mice — to take stock of what manner of creatures they really are.

Bats have been fluttering in our night sky for probably more than 60,000,000 years. The bat-fossils of Eocene days show plainly that the structure of the creatures has changed little in that time. What may have been the earlier history of bats — what sort of animal may have been their prehistoric forbear — cannot be said with certainty, but it seems likely they may be remotely descended from some tree-climbing kind of mole or shrew, which by assiduous leapings

from branch to branch developed through the ages a flight-membrane in the same way the flying-squirrels and petauroides are assumed to have developed theirs. In the course of this development, it may be guessed, the bats' forearms achieved their present grotesque oversize, as a consequence of being the most exercised member, and the bat-wings grew naked and leathery in order to achieve toughness and resistance to the wind.

All these are highly speculative matters. As far back as the fossil-records offer indication, the bat has always been a furry two-nippled little mammal equipped with fingers that have been completely modified into wing-parts, save for the projecting "thumb" that serves as a hook to aid in roosting, and as far back as the Tertiary Period, at least, the bat seems to have been very much the bat that flies now in our summer dusk of 1939.

The life-story of a bat may be said to begin in early autumn; which is the time when males and females, meeting and mating in the dark shelter of a cave or hollow tree trunk, initiate the new bat-generation which will come into being the following May or June. The gestatory period for bats is about three months. The long lapse of time, from insemination of

the female in the fall until the birth of her single infant seven or eight months later in the spring, is due not to a slow gestation but to another phenomenon: hibernation. Not long after the bats have accomplished their mating, the late summer nights begin to grow chilly; the nocturnal insects that are the bats' chief fare become fewer in number; the temperature dips toward frost. These signs of coming winter indicate to bats — as also to woodchucks, skunks, and a dozen other creatures — that their time of activity has come to an end for another year. As soon as the autumn temperature falls below 50° or so, the bats' blood becomes sluggish and a kind of torpor takes possession of them.

They seek out, then, a cave or a hollow tree or a chink in an old building or any niche which will afford a certain warmth and darkness. Having found this lightless hideaway, they hang themselves up, head downward, by their crooked claws, and fall into a profound slumber which is hardly distinguishable from death. Their body-temperature drops and fluctuates with the air-temperature around them — from a normal level of 100° or more it may fall to 45° or 40°. Their breathing becomes slight and slow, as few as nine

respirations in an hour. The bat-
semen lately deposited in the female's reproductive organs lies as immotile, as undeveloped, as though still stored in the testes of the male.

II

In earliest spring, before our first hepaticas have flowered or the first mourning-cloak butterfly has tried its dark wings in the still snowy woods, the bats stir drowsily and begin to wake. It is now that the female's ovulation takes place, presaging the birth some ninety days later of her single young. The bat-birth, when it comes, is accomplished curiously. It is accomplished, also, in solitude, for no male bat is allowed to be near at the time of parturition. The mother hangs head-downward, suspended by her hind feet and her thumb-claws, and by bending her tail and body slightly in an arc forms a kind of receiving-apron for the emergent young. The infant, born tail-foremost, blind and naked, fastens itself promptly to a teat, and its parent, mammal-fashion, cuts with its sharp teeth the umbilical cord and eats the afterbirth. For only about nine days does the baby bat stay blind. Its maturity comes quickly. Within two weeks of its birth it is ready to hang itself up

beside its mother, and presently thereafter is ready to join both parents in the nightly hunt-flights.

The flight of bats consists of dartings and flutterings rather more like the motions of giant moths than of birds. Because their small furry bodies are so light, bats are not capable of sufficient stability for soaring. They keep their wings constantly in motion, beating them as often as ten or twelve times a second. The resultant flight-pattern, nervous and swift, is ideally suited to what is bats' main concern when in the air: the hunt for insects. This hunt, during the night hours, is nearly constant, for the bats' food requirements are great. With their long sharp canine teeth they catch uncountable small moths and bluebottle flies, mosquitoes and a variety of beetles, neatly disembowelling the last-mentioned in the air and dropping their tough, inedible wing-covers to the ground. Periodically, at country ponds or at pools of rain-water, they drink. Swooping low, they skitter across the water's surface as swallows do, scarcely touching it, obtaining the few drops of moisture they require without ever lighting. When the first dawn-light shows in the sky, their time of foraging is ended and

they return to the hollow stump or rock-cave where singly or communally they have their daytime sleeping-place.

The eyes of bats, while serviceable and far from blind, are not much better adapted for night-vision than the eyes of human beings. Did bats depend on vision for their hunting, and for avoiding obstacles in their nocturnal flight-paths, they could scarcely survive. They depend, instead, on hearing. So delicate is the mechanism of their inner ear that they can detect the minutest variations in air-pressure, and can, as it were, "hear" a tree-branch or a stone wall before they can see it. Their power of scent is not less keen and useful. By means of it they find their communal wintering places — always faintly musky from the long presence of sleeping bat-bodies — and also are apprised of the mating time.

Such are the lives of bats. They are quiet lives, entirely harmless; except for a rare attack by a hungry hawk or owl, or by a parasitic tick, they are lives almost completely free of enemies. When man was casting about for a prime devil for his Natural Mythology, he could hardly have found, anywhere in all outdoors, a worse selection.

POETRY

LEGEND

BY CATHARINE CONNELL

GOD is ready to end the world
Almost any day.
Angel Gabriel is the one
Causing the delay.

"God, I'll try to make up my mind
Soon," he says. "Please wait!
I know fanfares for peace and joy
But I still debate

"How to herald a holocaust
And a Judgment dread;
How to tell lovers Death has come;
How to wake the dead.

"Should I use great *crescendos*, God,
Fearful as the flame?
Should I gently play some old hymn
All will know by name?

"Should my tempo be grave or gay?
Now I like the fast,
Brilliant flourish; and now the slow,
More majestic blast.

"If You smite in the bloom of spring,
Fast *adagio*
I must have. In a wintry gale,
Wild *fortissimo*.

"Mighty themes throng upon me here,
Fingering my horn.
Mighty dreams summon all my skill
Yet I pause, forlorn.

"All Your wrath for sinful man
I must feel and blow;
All Your love and Your despair,
All Your glory — So,

"Let me practise a little more!"
Gabriel pleads. And God,
Understanding an artist's heart,
Gives a smiling nod.

Gabriel's at his Doomsday task,
Striving night and day.
Falling stars are the golden notes
That he casts away.

MAINE FOG: INLAND

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

GRAY fog broods low above tormented seas
Then seeks the quiet inland fields and hills;
A dirt road, solid once, now vanishes;
A hilltop fades in misty aquarelles.
Pearl vapor, drifting downward, blankets all.
Familiar houses disappear . . . The sun,
Wasting dull shafts against an opaque wall,
Cannot drive off a gloomy hint of rain.

A few, within those earth-bound clouds, see ships
Whose hulls were crushed upon the coastal rocks;
Their sails swell out; each masthead lantern dips;
Immune to storm and proof against all shocks
The phantom vessels ride, for now their spars
Can clear the tops of trees and touch the stars.

THE LIBRARY

Louis XVI, Napoleon, and the French Revolution

By JAMES T. FARRELL

PERHAPS no two figures of the French Revolution afford a greater contrast in character and abilities than Louis XVI and Napoleon Bonaparte, the subjects of two recent books.¹ That contrast, however, is not merely one of personal endowments; it is also social in character. There is a sharp dividing line cutting, like a knife, the periods when these two men ruled France, and that line is the Revolution itself. Louis XVI was a product of the old regime; Bonaparte a child of the Revolution.

Dr. Saul K. Padover has done much original and conscientious research in the preparation of *The Life and Death of Louis XVI*. The book is interesting, scholarly, and should stand as the work on its subject until a better one comes along. The essential facts and background are there. The author seems at times to practice a "selective emphasis" which permits inferences

that seem to me unjustified. He tends, for instance, to slur over the role which class relationships and antagonisms played in the Revolution, though at times he indicates he is not unaware of them. His view of the Revolution seems on occasion to be too psychological. But his conscientious methods lead him to set down the facts, which expose the contradictions of some of his interpretations.

Dr. Padover in his preface states that the decapitation of Louis XVI led to "anarchy, terror, dictatorship, international war," and that, in consequence, France suffered decades of political upheavals. He thinks that, had Louis XVI been allowed to live, and been installed as a constitutional monarch on British lines, all this might have been avoided. But as Dr. Padover himself shows, Louis was given the opportunity to rule as a constitutional monarch and refused to do so. While paying lip service to the Revolution, he plotted with the

¹ *The Life and Death of Louis XVI*, by Saul K. Padover. \$3.75. Appleton-Century. *Napoleon in Review*, by George Gordon Andrews. \$3.00. Knopf.

émigrés, and stubbornly refused to heed the advice of Lafayette, Mirabeau (who was in his pay), and others who had just such an aim in mind. Dr. Padover's view makes two assumptions which seem to me groundless. It implies that the role of one man, and that man a weakling, can be so influential that it would prevent a social war as well as foreign war in a country where revolution has already begun. Further it regards a constitutional monarchy as an abstract political form, unrelated to its social setting and conflicts.

And Dr. Padover, again ignoring larger forces, entangles his narrative with questions of legality. After clearly exposing the treachery of Louis XVI, he then introduces that issue in discussing the trial of the doomed king. But the French Revolution was like a birth: it was one of the great events in the rise of democracy. As Kropotkin pointed out, the people of that period did not have the same respect for parliamentary institutions which prevails today. They were struggling in agony to find a new political road, and to make operational the great conceptions of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The people who shed their blood in destroying the old regime did not do so in order to substitute the

reign of wealth for that of divine right. Many of the politicians who gained control after July 1789 did not seriously want to abolish the feudal regime, but the people pushed the Revolution further. The vigilance of the people of Paris and of some of their leaders, such as Marat, forestalled efforts to save too much of the wreckage of the old regime. It was the humbler classes, the *sansculottes*, trusting neither King nor Assembly, who forced the trial of Louis XVI. In the Convention, the Girondists made every effort to forestall the trial. But power was no longer in their hands. The popular leaders among the Jacobins, under pressure from the people, had to try the King. There was a chain of events which led inexorably to this event, and Dr. Padover tends to skim over many links, such as the massacre at Champ de Mars. He is inclined to treat the mass pressure as a "lunatic fringe" rather than a product of the social complex of the time.

Dr. Padover advances the familiar conception of Louis: "He was a good man and like good men of his time he went to the guillotine." This view seems to me superficial. Louis XVI, like the last Romanoff, was one of those fated rulers who failed to distinguish be-

tween a street riot and a revolution. The more one studies this period, the more one is led, I am convinced, to the realization that Louis' policies after 1789 were based on the vain hope that he could deceive the whole course of events — and he would have been lucky had he been able to outwit his valet, let alone a popular revolution. Had he been a provincial nobody, he could have passed for a good man. As the ruler of France, a certain dubiousness must be perceived in his goodness, which was the kind that does not permit the right hand to know the motions of the left.

Louis was lacking in imagination. He was spiritually a void. That he was a victim is clear. He could have been little else, given his background and antecedents. He felt himself father of the French people when they no longer wanted such a father. What is most ironical in his life is that he was utterly incapable of exercising the royal prerogative which he so determinedly refused to sacrifice. It is not enough to indicate that even in the first days of the Revolution, Louis was popular. We must understand why he lost that popularity. The notion of mobs, anarchy, and a "lunatic fringe" — or emphasis on Louis' weakness — is not suffi-

cient explanation. It must be found in social and political causes and in the chain of policies of Louis himself, his friends, and the various groupings that came to the seething surface in those tumultuous days.

II

If Louis XVI "had had strength of will, or a modicum of necessary ruthlessness, he would have escaped his fate and might have spared France years and decades of bloodshed," Dr. Padover declares. Leaving aside the over-simplification of social and political causation of events implied here, it can be said that Napoleon Bonaparte possessed these qualities in abundance. He was a man of indomitable will and utterly ruthless. He, the man who brought "order" to France, the first of modern dictators, engaged in a whole succession of wars in which, according to Tarlé, more than a million men are estimated to have perished. Napoleon ruled France with a tyranny which Louis XVI would not have dared to wield.

The late George Gordon Andrews' *Napoleon in Review* comprises a series of articles discussing various aspects of his character, personality, career, and achievements. It also summarizes recent

research and literature on the subject and has definite value as a work on Napoleon. The most significant chapter in this book, I believe, deals with Napoleon as the child of the Revolution. Dr. Andrews underlines the contributions of the Revolution to Bonaparte's career which made possible the military successes and the Code. It needs to be made even clearer, however, that the very content of Bonaparte's consciousness has its source in the Revolution. It filled his mind with its ideas and its attitudes. Just as the old regime formed the perspectives of Louis XVI, so the Revolution formed those of Napoleon.

In his *After Robespierre*, Mathiez says: "Since the 9th Thermidor the men who had overthrown Robespierre had identified themselves and their private interests with the Republic." This was precisely what Napoleon did. He identified his private interests with those of France, and then finally, when he was drunk and dazzled with a conception of his own power, with nothing less than humanity itself. When fortune began to go against him, he reverted demagogically to the ideals of the Revolution, the ideals which he himself had crushed ruthlessly and knowingly. Napoleon, disciple of Jean

Jacques in his youth, at one time a dubious Jacobin, breathed and absorbed the very ideal of individualism which was one of the gifts of the Revolution to modern history. For the Revolution made individualism operational. The Declaration of the Rights of Man and the laws of August 4, 1789 which abolished feudalism (on paper) established equality before the law. Herein lies the basis of the famous Napoleonic slogan that careers are open to all men of talent. Napoleon used patriotism as an excuse, advancement as a bait, and he himself was the supreme example of the *parvenu* adventurer. Napoleonic egotism is dramatization, a super-extension of individualism.

Dr. Andrews and others have pointed out how the Revolution made possible his military successes. The moral capital of the Revolution had not been totally expended when Bonaparte took command of the army of Italy. The *élan* of the earlier days had not been totally dissipated. Bonaparte was a witness to the storming of the Tuilleries in the insurrection of August 10, 1792. He spoke with scorn and contempt of the rabble, and of what a few cannon shots would have done to them. But it was that "rabble" which made a profound contribution to his later

military successes. The fruit of that insurrection was universal suffrage and the right of all citizens to bear arms and defend the country, which in turn provided Napoleon with his armies. The more one examines his life and his work, the more it is clear how the Revolution is entangled in its very warp and woof.

III

The paradox of Bonaparte is that he, child of the Revolution, was also its hangman. He solidified certain of the social gains which it achieved and destroyed all else. Unlike Louis, Bonaparte was a bourgeois emperor. His policy of conquest was not merely one of *la gloire*. It was also one of French imperialism, and it was calculated to establish French commercial hegemony on the European continent. As Dr. Andrews remarks, "property rights were given the most complete protection" in his Code. He legalized changes in property relationships which were effected during the earlier days of the Revolution, and his rule was built on this foundation stone. It is clear that Napoleon was aware of the basis of his rule. On the island of Elba, he spoke of the Bourbons as pathetic, and declared that if they

did not do something for commerce, they would not last six months. Thus, also, his refusal to abolish feudalism in Russia.

He was a consummate dictator, and he kept a close watch on innumerable aspects of affairs. Even when he was in bivouac, he kept his fingers on the pulse of events in France. Although glorification of Napoleon did not go so far as it does in the case of present-day dictators, it went quite far. In his day, there was a catechism used in French schools which taught that "God . . . made the Emperor Napoleon the instrument of His power and His image on earth." Tarlé, who quotes this in his *Bonaparte*, tells us further that, "on holidays the clergy preached that the Holy Ghost had temporarily made His abode in Napoleon with the definite object of rooting out the Revolutionary anarchy and unbelief" and his many victories were explained by "the strategical intervention of the Holy Ghost." Like Hitler or Stalin, he interfered in matters of art and tried to make it the handmaiden of his rule. His manipulation of plebiscites, too, suggests modern dictators. He juggled figures, and even used one trick which, to my knowledge, modern dictators have yet to use. Dr. Andrews tells us how he organ-

ized a plebiscite to gain "acceptance" of a new constitution which he was "giving" to Holland (the italics are mine):

From a total electorate of 416,419, only 68,990 voted at all, and of those voting only 16,771 voted for the Constitution. . . . He announced the Constitution was accepted, *since the majority had not opposed it.*

One might draw a parallel between Napoleon and a modern dictator such as Stalin. In personality, Fouché, Napoleon's chief of police, is more like Stalin than Bonaparte; Bonaparte hired one set of spies to spy on Fouché, and another set of spies to spy on the spies spying on Fouché. But in their political roles there is a basis for a parallel. Stalin sits on a defeated Revolution as did Napoleon. Just as the basis of Napoleon's rule was the change in the property relationships effected by the French Revolution, so is the basis of Stalin's rule the change in property relationship effected by the Russian Revolution. Napoleon made himself a crowned head and tried to guarantee the end of the Revolutionary period for all of Europe: Stalin has essayed the same role in Spain and in his policy of Popular Fronts and collective security, and still he is likewise hated and feared by the ruling powers-that-be in Europe. Like Napoleon, Stalin must make a

mythology out of the aims of the revolution. No more than Napoleon can he untie himself completely from the moorings of the revolution which finally catapulted him to supreme power. There are many differences between the men and their periods. A parallel can be drawn too far, but a parallel certainly is there.

At St. Helena, Bonaparte said: "I made my generals out of mud." To Louis XVI and his court, Bonaparte and his generals were mud, unknown mud. Bonaparte possessed the qualities which Louis lacked, and besides, a tremendous personal charm, as all who knew him testify. He became in fact the tyrant that Louis was described as being. But we must see these differences as much in events as in the men. The Bourbons could not have sprouted a Bonaparte. And Bonaparte could not have become Emperor of France had not the Revolution taken the course it did.

The French Revolution opened a chapter in history. It was one stage in man's eternal battle for bread, for liberty, fraternity, and equality. While the personalities of that period are often interesting, what is more important to us is to study the lessons of that day, so that its mistakes be not repeated. It seems to me that one reason for

these mistakes was that some of the problems raised by the new order were not thought out and realized clearly enough in advance. The Terror was used when other means could not solve problems. The people wanted bread, and for too long they were given tricky laws instead.

Economic problems produced the Revolution. And they more than dogged its steps. But it gave birth to ideals which symbolize the best hopes of mankind. And these ideals are associated with other names than those of either Louis Capet or Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE CHECK LIST

(Additional reviews in front advertising section)

FICTION

MR. EMMANUEL, by Louis Golding. \$2.50. *Viking*. The heroes and heroines of Magnolia Street ride again in Mr. Golding's new novel. Mr. Emmanuel is a familiar stock character — the aged Jew, sensitive and courageous, who is ready to brave formidable perils in order to right grievous wrongs. He goes to Germany, armed only with his shrewdness and a British passport, to find the mother of a refugee child. Sometimes the pathos legitimately plinks the heartstrings, but more often it is synthetic, weighted with stilted dialog. But the tale is close to the news and current emotions, and well worth reading.

ABEL DAYTON, by Flannery Lewis. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Crisp, rounded story of western childhood and young manhood. Abel takes the slow freight to school every morning, flies his complicated kite, and experiences the orchitic pain of young love. He is finally crippled in an accident which changes the pattern of his life. Mr. Lewis' sturdy and sombre prose is convincing, though sometimes pedestrian.

SONS WITHOUT ANGER, by Stanley Young. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. These days the novelist who omits his text has no theme. Mr. Young quotes Matthew v, 13 "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" Old John Darrow, slowly dying, loses his fortune and his four sons are tossed out to make their way — and Mr. Young's novel. Neither comes off too well, probably because the author holds the strings too tight and jerks his characters unreasonably. A philosophic ex-racketeer is introduced as the evil genius whose uninhibited daughter offers the mechanical sex interest.

THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT, by R. C. Sherrieff. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The author of *Journey's End* sets his very deft pen to fantasy fiction. The Hopkins Manuscript, discovered by a scientific body from Addis Ababa some centuries hence, is the record of an average Englishman in the hectic years of the twentieth century when the moon fell on earth (from which Western civilization re-

covered) and when a world war arising over the valuable minerals contained on the fallen moon finally destroyed Western culture.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, by Storm Jameson. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A meandering story of flimsy frustration with everything thrown in except good writing. Why Sylvia Russell, the captain's wife, behaves as she does is a secret to herself and a mystery to the reader.

BIOGRAPHY

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Swift Glances Back at Things that Made Me, by Sean O'Casey. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. His first twelve years were no bed of posies for poor, sore-eyed little Johnny. Mr. Casey's sharp remembrance of things past, dreary knockabout Dublin of the eighties, is basted with Laurence Sterne and seasoned with James Joyce. Our eye is cocked for the volumes to follow.

TUMBLING IN THE HAY, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Dear, dirty Dublin again. This time from the perspective of several banging, shilling-seeking, garrulous medical students and their tavern circles. Mr. Gogarty is obviously not far from his own experience at any point in this remarkable book of lusty scholarship and ribald adventure. The extensive conversations seem as authentic a part of university Dublin as the potato is of the Irish countryside. Mr. Gogarty believes that laughter is the earmark of the civilized man. "In fact, I disliked and suspected anyone who could not join in a laugh. . . . He is uncivilized, and therefore a potential menace to society." Society has nothing to fear from the author.

COUNTRY LAWYER, by Bellamy Partridge. \$2.75. *Whittlesey House*. The biography of the author's father, Samuel Selden Partridge, who practised during the latter half of the last century in Phelps (population less than 1500), New York. A dull, respectable account of a substantial life. No need to

join the writer who laments the passing of the country lawyer "as he existed between the days of Lincoln and Coolidge."

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MEXICAN CHALLENGE, by Frank L. Kluckhohn. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. Mr. Kluckhohn is the New York Times correspondent expelled from Mexico February 1939 after publishing reports on the Mexican-German barter deals. He has written an essential book for the reader puzzled by the Mexican situation. Mexico, as Mr. Kluckhohn points out, is "the only country in the world today unanimously praised by Stalinists, Trotskyists, Hitlerites, and a certain restricted group of American liberals." The reason for this amazingly uncritical harmony may be found, says the writer, in the turbulent, unsettled nature of the Mexican scene which makes it "relatively simple for either an ultra-radical or violently conservative group to establish its chosen form of government, provided that it could gain control of the nerve centers of the present system." While Mexico has not yet got a dictatorship in the European sense, it is wrong, according to Mr. Kluckhohn, to regard it as a democracy. There has never been a free election in Mexico; the nation's economic and political life is dominated by Cardenas and his party, the Supreme Court is under the President's thumb, the press operates under a peculiarly Mexican censorship. Those who see in the expropriation of American and British oil properties a boon for the workers of Mexico, will hardly receive reassurance from this report. The author shows that wages have gone down rather than up and an all-powerful bureaucracy is absorbing the profits in the form of inflated salaries. The peasant also is no better off. The Mexican official caste is "giving land to the peasants, but maintaining control of that land. It is transferring foreign industrial enterprises to the workers, and either maintaining real control itself or 'cracking down' on the workers as private companies did not dare to do." The progress that has been made in dissolving the feudal

estates and the building of schools is not underestimated by the writer, and he feels that the new forms of tyranny may be modified if action is taken soon. A first rate book on our Good Neighbor to the South.

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD, by Vincent Sheean. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. The author of *Personal History* writes a scathing record of the infamous year, March 1938 to March 1939, as he observed its workings in twilight Europe with Spain and Czechoslovakia as the foci of his indignant reportage. He vaguely concludes that "Upon the will and instinct of the proletariat reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world."

COLUMBIA POETRY 1939. Introduction by Charles Hanson Towne. \$1.00. *Columbia U. Press*. Slight, self-conscious, and nostalgic collection with a ts-k-tsking aint-it-grand introduction. Pleasant wisps like "Armor" by James H. Brown:

*By some intuition
I knew of the dangers,
So I treated life
As the merest of strangers,*

*Minding the adage
Of familiarity.
I courted only
My own singularity.*

WORLD ECONOMY IN TRANSITION, by Eugene Staley. \$3.00. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. Mr. Staley poses as the major problem of the present breach which separates political thinking from technological advances. In spite of the autarchists, world-wide economic integration and interdependence is proceeding apace under the stimulus of improving technology. Mr. Staley shows that talk of *Ersatz* — the development of substitutes — means decreasing

living standards and a sacrifice of human welfare to war purposes. "If we are interested primarily in the best ways of using resources for human welfare, not in military strategy, the net effect of scientific advance on raw material needs has been to make nations decidedly less self-contained, and there is no reason to expect an early reversal of this trend."

The author proposes a world economy which will combine *laissez-faire* and planning to form a mixed system. He offers definite proposals for dealing with the totalitarian states, not precluding co-operation, but he is not too optimistic about the outcome. The United States, representing over a third of the economic weight of the world, is in Mr. Staley's opinion in a key position to help world economy take "a peaceful and productive course."

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD, by Carey McWilliams. \$2.50. *Little Brown*. The story of farm labor in California. Mr. McWilliams refers to the exploitation of migratory labor as "one of the ugliest chapters in the history of American industry" and advances abundant evidence for this statement. The large agricultural "factories" which are worked by thousands of laborers must be collectively owned, is Mr. McWilliams contention.

IN BLOOD AND INK. The Life and Documents of American Democracy, by Maury Maverick. 75¢. *Modern Age*. An assortment of quotations, documents and opinions which pyramided to the American Constitution, with a breezy running commentary by Mr. Maverick. The material bases for liberty concern him chiefly and he informs us that the baby's bottle cannot be filled with liberty. "Ownership of the land, or property rights in it, is the basis of all liberties. Land is wealth; wealth is power; power is liberty. In the last analysis, the liberty of a people (or an individual) depends upon the quantity and quality of the land they possess."

THE OPEN FORUM

A LIBRARIAN REPLIES TO MR. NOCK

SIR: Mr. Nock in his article "America's Too-Public Libraries" wants to "discourage the pernicious notion that a library ought to be a charitable institution, giving something for nothing." Your librarian replies that he never looked on his library as a charity. He insists that the library is a fundamental part of the educational system. It gives the community a distinct service, easily recognized, and for that service the community supports it. So long as our economic and social and intellectual life is based on the idea of education free for all the people, so long does your librarian insist that library service shall be assured every citizen. He is perfectly willing to admit that all of us appreciate more keenly what we gain by the sweat of our brow than what is handed to us. He likewise is inclined to believe that, when the community pays taxes to furnish good reading for itself, the community is far from getting something for nothing. There is no charity about it, no loss of self-respect, but rather a pride of ownership.

Are we to close our parks, playgrounds, and libraries except to the man with a coin in his hand? Why should not the public furnish free entertainment, whether good music or good books or good pictures? (With emphasis on the "good," mind you.) What's the harm in reading for amusement? Who doesn't? Who is to say what is amusement and what isn't? If a man turns to Dickens or Hugo or Hardy because they give him intellectual or emotional satisfaction is he reading for "amusement," and therefore to be condemned? If he turns to Dickens or Hugo or Hardy to make a statistical report on the use of *Lehnwörter* is he to be commended as a "serious student?" How is the librarian to pass judgment on the motives of his readers or weigh the results of

their use of his books? Most librarians would say their job is to bring together the hungry reader and the good book with as little hindrance as possible.

Speaking with conviction for one library, and with belief for others, let me deny the charge of stocking "the current best-sellers" and "the ephemeral stuff which our presses turn off in quantity, and which is of no conceivable value to anybody, except as a pastime." More and more do public libraries emphasize quality of book selection. This is partly forced on them by decreasing book appropriations, but more largely because of a constantly growing conviction of responsibility for this side of its service. Thanks to the book clubs and the commercial subscription libraries the public library is under less pressure for the current best-sellers than it was a generation ago.

Mr. Nock asks, "Why run a department to amuse children?" Any librarian worth his salt will come back at Mr. Nock with: "Do you know any more effective and lasting way to get a man to want, demand, appreciate good books than by catching him young and by helping him fix his standards high in those impressionable years?" Check that at any reading room for boys and girls anywhere in the land.

As to adult reading, Mr. Nock will find, if he inquires, that many librarians now come close to his injunction against buying books less than a year old. No, it is not a "hard-and-fast rule," but they do fall back on what bitter experience tells them about lasting values. They do go after the old standbys rather than let the blurb on the cover sweep them off their feet. Mr. Nock seems to have in mind some sort of control of readers once they get into the library building, separating the so-

called "serious student" from the seat-warmer or the amusement-seeker. This is done today more than he probably realizes by the provision of special reading rooms. In the larger libraries the next generation of readers, if not those of the next few years, will probably face more use of cards of admission to special collections, more inclination to turn the general reader over to collections specially selected and administered for him.

H. M. LYDENBERG

Director

New York Public Library

New York City.

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PRAISE FOR MRS. DILLING

SIR: It is something of a shock to note the malicious attack upon Elizabeth Dilling in your July issue. The author doesn't disclose any ulterior motives, or any concealed interests who have financed her activities. And since when has it become desirable to hold up to scorn and ridicule a woman who has been trying to stem the rising tide of radicalism by the only means available in a democracy of free speech — namely, by truthful exposure of the shams and hypocrisies of the Left? And whose only proved offense is that she has sometimes been a bit hysterical in telling her story?

God knows it is time that these Marxist wolves in sheeps' clothing were shown up for what they are, since they, of all other political sects, make a fine art of sailing under false colors. And does it not seem strange that Mrs. Dilling has never been held legally accountable for any of the falsehoods or misrepresentations alleged by the author of this article? I myself consult *The Red Network* almost daily for the invaluable reference data it embodies, and I have yet to find anyone listed who is not tainted to some extent with the radical activities of the various communist and socialist organizations which are seeking to overthrow our government.

H. A. WHIPPLE

Atlanta,
New York.

FATHER COUGHLIN AND CATHOLICISM

SIR: "Father Coughlin: Holy Medicine Man" in your June issue provides your readers with an example of the cowardly methods being widely used to attack the Roman Catholic Church in America. The author says, "He (Father Coughlin) is firmly convinced that a return to the economy of the Dark Ages will cure all our ills. He acquired this notion while attending St. Michael's College in Toronto where he was taught by the Basilian Fathers who ran the school that poverty and wealth are acts of God, and that usury, in its ancient sense, is the root of all evil. Since this sort of medieval economic philosophy has its modern counterpart in the economic philosophy of Fascism, Coughlin's pronouncements frequently sound like German or Italian propaganda." In this paragraph the careful reader will observe the author's smear of St. Michael's College, the Basilian Fathers, and his attempt to link the Church's economic philosophy with that of the Dark Ages and Fascism.

Mentioning Father Fahey, author of *The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World*, Mr. McCarten says, "A hysterical anti-semite whose prose style combines the more esoteric features of Oswald Spengler and Julius Streicher, Fahey was a very obscure character until Father Coughlin promoted him into an authority on world affairs." By branding Father Fahey as an anti-semite, McCarten has deliberately and brazenly smeared not only Father Fahey but also Father Fahey's superior, the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore whose Imprimatur appears on Father Fahey's book *The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World*. In his prefatory letter to this great book, Father Fahey's Bishop, the Most Rev. J. Kinane DD, DCL says, "We hope that the book will be as widely read as it deserves."

On page 134 of your article there appears one of the many rotten lies that are a feature of McCarten's article. "... even some of the Catholics in his (Father Coughlin's) own

parish take delight in describing him as the 'Mad Monk of the Shrine of the Silver Dollar.' On page 135 Mr. McCarten defames the beautiful Shrine of the Little Flower itself. By his profane description of one of the most beautiful and inspiring temples of God, he stamps himself as one of the lowest and filthiest of the filthy atheistic Reds that are overrunning our beloved America. Also he questions the wholesomeness of Archbishop Mooney's character when he says, "without the contributions of his radio audience, Coughlin would obviously have a hard time keeping the Shrine out of bankruptcy. Whether or not this consideration has anything to do with the strange failure of his superiors to remove him from the air is a question that the ecclesiastics of the Detroit diocese, which embraces Royal Oak, have never discussed in secular circles."

John McCarten is one of a growing list of anti-Christians operating in America. By giving space to writers of his caliber, your magazine invites the condemnation of Christian people and rates a very low position along with dozens of other anti-Christ journals. I hope to see the day when such magazines and writers will be forced out of business by a militant Christianity struggling to save America from the dirty clutches of Satan, his satellites, and the hell that they are preparing for us.

D. R. LANE

*Brocton,
Massachusetts.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Lane is as inaccurate and in-temperate as Father Coughlin himself. He is obviously unaware that the Church permits its priests and laymen a great deal of leeway in their economic beliefs. His ignorance of this leads him into the error of supposing that because the Basilians fancied medieval economics the Church as a whole had to do so. If the Church set hard and fast economic rules for its priests and laity, it would not be able to include in its ranks such disparate characters as Father Coughlin and Monsignor

John A. Ryan of Catholic University. Incidentally, Monsignor Ryan has pronounced Father Fahey an anti-semitic and he is obviously not trying to "smear" anybody.

Mr. Lane states flatly that none of the Catholics of Royal Oak refer to Father Coughlin as "the Mad Monk of the Shrine of the Silver Dollar." I heard Catholics in Royal Oak refer to Coughlin in just this fashion, and occasionally in stronger terms. In his comments on the Shrine, Mr. Lane forgets that architecture is neither holy nor unholy — it is simply good or bad. The Shrine, in my opinion and in the opinion of many competent architects, is bad. My inquiry as to whether diocesan finances have anything to do with Coughlin's remaining on the air is a legitimate question, and I believe Archbishop Mooney should answer it.

I am not an anti-Christ. My friends call me "Happy Jack."

JOHN MCCARTEN

New York City.

THE LEGION OF HONOR

SIR: Isaac Marcossion's article in the July MERCURY on the subject of foreign decorations gives only one side of the matter. In the case of the *Légion d'Honneur*, while there have been some abuses undoubtedly, it is also true that most of the recipients in this country were awarded the decoration without seeking it and for reasons which do credit both to the French Government and the recipient. Take *Who's Who in America*, look up the names of those who have done conspicuous service, not for France alone, but for mankind, and you will find that almost all are members of the *Légion*.

From my observation, which I believe has been adequate, I would have no hesitation in saying that few if any of the large number of self-respecting Americans of any prominence honored by France lifted a finger to obtain the *Légion d'Honneur*. Having known Mr. Marcossion for many years, I cannot believe it was his intention in writing the article in

question to "smear" the American members of the *Légion d'Honneur* generally as well as the generality of the French officials concerned in the awarding of the honor. Yet that the article is such that it must leave a painful impression on the minds of those who felt and will continue to feel honored by membership in the *Légion d'Honneur* is, I think, all too manifest.

MAURICE LÉON

New York City.



A JUSTICE PROTESTS

SIR: In your July issue, "Justice of the Peace Racket" set forth a series of incidents where the Justices had abused their offices and concluded that the cure for these evils would be to abolish the office. For the benefit of the large number of Justices who are running their offices honestly and sincerely, and for the readers who still retain a desire to see an improvement of the judicial system of our government, I can sincerely say from experience in handling over two thousand cases, civil and criminal, that the conclusion is false and illogical.

In practically every state, the legislatures have set up laws which give the prosecuting attorney the power to make short shrift of any Justice who makes a racket out of his office, and every county grand jury has the power to stop anything that borders on extortion, if they want to. Therefore, any county where the higher law enforcement offices are functioning properly, the conditions mentioned in the article simply cannot exist for long. Furthermore, the Justice Court is the one court which is usually not a burden to the taxpayers. The litigants pay their own way, and anyone who feels that he is unjustly treated can appeal to the higher court in a very simple manner, in both criminal and civil cases.

The real trouble lies in the objection of the law violator to being punished. Usually he has a friend who has a friend, etc., who before the trial tries to impress the prosecuting attorney or the constable or the justice with the fact

that he is victimized. If he is tried and found guilty, he starts talking about the justice of the peace racket.

No matter what system is installed for adjudication of these cases, whether the Judges are paid salaries or operate on fees, whether they are elected or appointed, you cannot make a good egg out of a rotten egg. It is not the system that is wrong, but some of the people who administer it. Raise the educational standards of qualifications if you will, but abolish the system and you have merely gone from the frying pan to the fire.

LOUIS L. HICKS

Justice of the Peace

*Clayton,
Missouri.*



WHO'S STUPID NOW?

SIR: I found the review of William Lyon Phelps' *Autobiography With Letters* in your August issue somewhat annoying. Your reviewer takes a few smart cracks at the book, and then tries to justify his condescension by quoting the visitor to Dr. Phelps who remarked, "How happy everybody seems in this place." Now this attitude is typical of a certain type of mind, which considers that everybody who is happy is, *ipso facto*, stupid. It seems to me, however, that the opposite is the case — that those who are happy are the real smart ones. I hold no brief for Billy Phelps, but he seems to have got a lot of joy out of life. And what, if I may ask, is so terrible about that?

OSCAR FERGUSON

*Battle Creek,
Michigan.*



SOUTHERN AUTHOR SUMS UP

SIR: The chastening effect of Mrs. Crothers' remarks in the July *MERCURY* about my article "A Southerner Likes the North" — or rather, about me personally — has been weakened somewhat by the fact that apparently not all of her and my Northern neighbors have approached the article from the

same literal-minded point of view. Fortunately, a few of them at least seem to have read it in the same light in which I myself had read Miss Post's recent disquisitions on tribal customs in the South. Not only did I manage to keep my shirt on, but I even found in both her articles, however thickly wrapped in satire, a little grain of truth.

Having lived long enough in the North as well as the South to feel equally at home in both sections, I am well aware now, as when I wrote the article, that there is as much to be said on the other side of the question. The point I should like to make here is that it has been said already. Miss Post's two articles in *THE MERCURY*, the occasional remarks of a former *MERCURY* editor about the "Sahara of the Beaux Arts," and above all, the opinions of the Northern man in the street, whether voiced in his native habitat or during explorations in the South, might be presented as samples from an abundant supply of evidence. In upholding the more neglected side of the argument I took for granted that readers would look beyond the mere literal meaning of my words before judging what I had to say.

Contrary to Mrs. Crothers' wrathful suspicions, my chief purpose in writing the article was to suggest that, with all its wealth and all its material achievements, the North has still not grown entirely beyond the reach of critical comparison with the South. If in expressing this opinion I used the same tone that I have become accustomed to hearing in Northern comments on the South, surely I shall be forgiven by those of *THE MERCURY* readers who themselves may have laughed on occasion at one or another of the South's various shortcomings. I do like the North and respect its virtues, and I look forward to the time when mutual understanding shall replace Southern animosity towards Northerners as well as Northern condescension towards the South. In the light of conditions in both regions both attitudes are ridiculous.

WILLIAM EDGERTON

*Greensboro,
North Carolina.*

MORAL JACKING-UP

SIR: In your July issue you printed only one letter criticizing Ernest Sutherland Bates' article on Buchmanism, which was written from a rather religious viewpoint. From a practical standpoint, I also would ask Mr. Bates if he has anything better to offer to bring the world to sanity and dependability than the Four Absolutes of the Oxford Group at which he sneers, Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, Absolute Love. Whatever extra ceremonials Mr. Buchman and his enthusiastic followers, with their great variety of religious upbringing, may emphasize in their efforts to bring about Utopia, sensible people everywhere can wish them well in their encouragement of what even Mr. Bates calls "these universal goods."

If there ever was a time when the world needed a moral jacking-up it is right now — before civilization itself collapses.

L. J. CORBETT

*Berkeley,
California.*



NOURISHING THE SKIN

SIR: There are differences of opinion on the subject of nourishing the skin with cosmetics, mentioned by Lois Mattox Miller in your March issue. Dr. Fred Winter of Vienna in the September 1931 issue of the *American Perfumer* believes that the skin can be nourished by outside application, while the publishers comment thus, "Medical opinions differ widely as to the actual nutritive value of anything applied externally. Conservative medical opinion adheres to the belief that the skin can be fed only through the bloodstream while numerous foreign dermatologists are of a body of opinion who hold to the opposite belief. Dr. Winter's article presents the views of these men." The writer makes two creams — one a cleansing cream; the other a combination cream. One is made with only one type of oil — lubricating mineral oil — while the combination cream is made of mineral, vegetable, herbal, skin oils, and Vitamin D. The

cleansing cream will not overcome dryness, the combination cream will; yet Miss Miller says, "Money spent for skin foods and nourishing creams is so much money thrown away."

When Miss Miller cites costs of cosmetics and selling prices, and comments that the advertising costs play a big part in the retail price, she overlooks the fact that with big advertising comes big volume which results in low selling prices. This is true in all business. Cosmetics are not the exception. Some of the statements by Miss Miller are true, but don't forget that she is relating only the abuses.

SIMON COATES

Chicago.



WHY WRITE?

SIR: At last I am through with authorship, having found there isn't a job in the world so tough and thankless. Now suppose you want to learn an honest trade, say that of plumber, farmhand, or dishwasher. What do you do? You learn the rudiments of your job, then pick up the rest from experience and adaptability. But with writing, you not only have to know your craft well enough to beat all comers, or neck-and-neck 'em, you have also to beat the dead as well. It were as if a doctor in Hay Center could not earn his bread and butter until he proved that he could beat the Mayo Brothers. To write or not to write, is not a question with me any more.

NED MAUSTON

Los Angeles.



MORE ON SAN FRANCISCO

SIR: I recently paid my first visit to San Francisco. On my return I was telling a friend of my disappointment. "You haven't, by any chance, been reading the June *MERCURY*?" she asked. "For in it is an article called, 'San Francisco, a Dying City' that voices your sentiments along slightly different lines." Possibly my expectations were too great, but my disillusionment was so complete that I

decided when home again to write some of my impressions to the Chamber of Commerce. Thinking you might be interested in my views, I am quoting the letter:

GENTLEMEN: I am but recently a visitor in your city and I feel like a friend betrayed. Coming in over the new bridge, San Francisco is an impressive sight, but this impression soon fades into one of regret. What the whole town needs desperately is the scrub bucket and the paint can. Your hotels, apartment houses, restaurants, business establishments, stores, all show the same cluttery dinginess of your streets. Go into any part of the business districts — the stores are so dark a stranger wonders if they are open for business. The show windows and interiors of your best establishments are a jumble of too much merchandise, price tags, and placards, with the resultant effect that everything, even the best, seems so much junk.

Some good old-fashioned housecleaning will do you more good than a new gold discovery, coupled with a determination on the part of your citizens that once begun it is to be, henceforth, the new order of things. It will grow, it will expand, this civic consciousness, enriching the lives of your people and making of San Francisco something other than the city of false promise it is today.

MRS. JANE DAVIES

Seattle.

SIR: Maybe conditions in San Francisco are not as good as formerly; they are not here in Los Angeles either, and so far as I can learn they are the same everywhere else. So what are you trying to do? Your article is shot through with prejudice and your facts are selected to make a case and with little apparent regard for real truth.

W. A. IRWIN

Los Angeles.

SIR: The June 1939 issue of *AMERICAN MERCURY* contained incorrect statements regarding the Golden Gate Bridge. Your

attention is particularly directed to the vertical clearance of the Bridge which was quoted. The figures given are not correct. The largest ships afloat, *Queen Mary* and *Rex*, could, at any tide and in all kinds of weather, laden or unladen, pass under the Golden Gate Bridge with plenty of clearance to spare. The normal clearance under the Golden Gate Bridge is 236 feet above mean higher high water at 70° F., a temperature which is seldom reached at this particular location. The minimum possible theoretical clearance is 220 feet above mean higher high water, but this clearance can only be reached at a temperature of 110° F. and when the center span is fully loaded while the rest of the bridge has no load upon it. Such a condition of loading is practically impossible to create, and a temperature of 110° F. is rarely, if ever, experienced at the Golden Gate. Therefore, there are no grounds which justify the statement that any vessels now built would have to stay outside the harbor on account of the vertical clearance of the Golden Gate Bridge being insufficient to safely accommodate such vessels.

It was also erroneously stated in the article that Golden Gate Bridge traffic has declined steadily since the Bridge was opened May 28, 1937. Traffic and revenue have been increasing rapidly since July, 1937. We believe that no well-known bridge in the United States can show such a favorable record of increase over this two-year period as has been experienced by the Golden Gate Bridge.

R. G. CONE

San Francisco.

servers estimated a clearance of six feet at low tide slack water and in a calm sea.

Mr. Cone writes of a "minimum possible theoretical clearance" of "220 feet above mean *higher high* water." In the table of principal dimensions in "Golden Gate Bridge — Book One" published by the Bridge and Highway District in 1938 is listed the item: "Clearance above mean *lower low* water . . . 220 feet." There is no mention in the table of a "normal" clearance of 236 feet above mean higher high water such as mentioned by Mr. Cone. Even at low tide and in favorable weather the city cannot now hope to be a flag stop for vessels requiring greater clearance than the *Empress*. Built with more foresight, the George Washington bridge across the Hudson at New York City has a vertical clearance of 252 feet.

My article did not state that "Golden Gate Bridge traffic has declined steadily since the bridge was opened." Nonetheless, the operating deficit continues to constitute almost as bad a civic headache as the "For Rent" signs on downtown Market street buildings. Golden Gate Bridge traffic increases have not been sufficient to balance the current annual operating expenses of approximately \$500,000. And with the bond redemption period looming large ahead the taxpayers are still seeking a cure for the jitters.

PHIL HAMILTON

San Francisco.



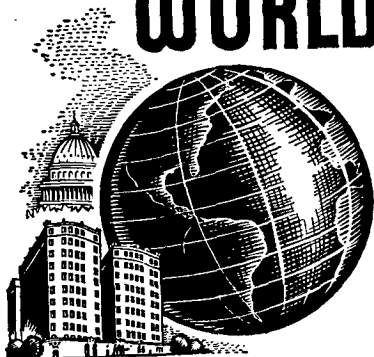
CORRECTION

The Capsule Wisdom department in the August issue erroneously quoted Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire as saying: "The Republicans have a sure formula for prosperity." The statement was made by Representative Bruce Barton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HALLETT ABEND (*Japan Can't Rule China*), New York Times correspondent in the Far East for over twelve years, is co-author of *Can China Survive?* (Washburn) and other books. JOSEPH H. BAIRD (*Moscow's Man in Washington*), former foreign correspondent, now writes for newspapers and magazines out of Washington. JEROME BEATTY (*Fighting Disease in Paradise*) is traveling around the world and writing a series on the achievements of Americans in distant places. CATHARINE CONNELL (*Legend*) has contributed short stories and articles to various women's magazines. WHITFIELD COOK (*Husbands Grow on Trees*), a New Yorker, has had fiction in THE MERCURY, Story, and other magazines. COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER (*Divorce by Murder*) has written extensively on crime in the United States. HERBERT COREY (*The Silver Swindle*) is the well known Washington journalist and commentator. PARKE CUMMINGS (*The Art of the Off-Color Story*) has contributed humorous and satirical articles to numerous magazines. IRWIN EDMAN (*Undergraduates Never Change*) is the author of the best-selling *Philosopher's Holiday* and other books. JOHN ESCHER (*Baseball Madness In Brooklyn*) has covered sports for *Town & Country* and other periodicals. JAMES T. FARRELL (*Louis XVI and Napoleon*) is known for his novels, short stories, and literary criticism. DAVID L. GRAHAM (*Yankees Are Human*), a graduate of Yale and Cambridge, has for the past five years been subsistence-farming in Maine. ELIAS LIEBERMAN (*Maine Fog: Inland*) will have his third volume of collected poems published by Liveright in the fall. ISABEL LUNDBERG (*The Millionaire Lunatic Fringe*) has at various times been an editor, free-lance journalist, and advertising copywriter. REV. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND (*Hitler or Christ*) has been a close student of religious affairs in Germany before and since Hitler. DAVID ROSS (*Now Frost*) is the CBS announcer and commentator. NOAH ROTWEIN (*Licensed Loan Sharks*) practices law in New York City, and has represented many borrowers from small-loan companies. WILLI SCHLAMM (*Carol, Rumania's Glamour King*), former editor of the Berlin *Weltbühne* and the Prague *Europäische Hefte*, now lives in the United States. SIGMUND SAMETH (*Camera Fans Are Suckers*) is an anthropologist holding a research appointment at the University of Oklahoma.

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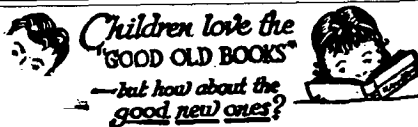
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*** indicate an outstanding performance
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+++ denote exceptional recording, ++ efficient recording, + poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***+++ *Symphony No. 4 in C Minor, "Tragic," Schubert:* (Victor Album 562, \$8.00). Excellent recording of an unobtrusive and unmistakable capture of the characteristic tonal ensemble of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The Symphony, which oddly has not been recorded before, greater, although further from perfection than the recently issued Fifth (Columbia) and John Barbirolli's direction is convincing eloquent. Strongly recommended.

**++ *Symphony No. 98, in B Flat, Haydn:* (Columbia Album M-370, \$5.00). The first recording of a fine symphony of wide varied temper, wherein the virtues of Howard Barlow's initial Haydn recording (the "Surprise" Symphony) have been reversed, Mr. Barlow's stick becoming limber and the acoustical properties of the recording a little hard. The orchestra is the CE Symphony.

***++ *Symphony No. 3, in F, Op. 90, Brahms:* (Columbia Album 353, \$6.00); *Eleven Viennese Dances, Beethoven:* (Columbia Album X-133, \$3.50); *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a, Brahms:* (Columbia Album X-125, \$3.50); *Fidelio Overture, Beethoven:* (Columbia 69545, \$1.50). The phonograph great man places a few more imposing stones upon the monument to his own memory begun in 1924. Felix Weingartner has never injured a work in a recorded interpretation and this distinction is shared by no other conductor of so extensive a list of records. The nature of his repertory brings him into competition with the most talented men, where and there surpass his successes; so the Beethoven has bettered his Second, Menges

erg his Third, Furtwaengler his Fifth and tokowski his Seventh of the Beethoven symphonies; but it is very doubtful if anyone else is capable of such evenly beautiful performances of all Nine. The four new recordings listed above seem definitely superior to any previous versions. All are by Weinartner and the London Philharmonic Orchestra; all are marked by the marvellous aptitude for phrasing which is this conductor's unequalled talent. The slight *Viennese Dances* have not been recorded before; the Brahms *Third Symphony* is probably the best performance of any of the Brahms Symphonies in records.

*†† *Boston Pops Concert*: (Victor Album 554, 6.50). Contains Glinka's Overture to *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, the *Five Miniatures* of Paul White, the *Polonaise* from *Eugene Onegin*, the *Intermezzo* from *Goyescas*, Eduard Strauss's *Doctrien Waltz* and a pair of Spirituals. 'retty good; but both Mr. Fiedler's direction and the recording of this orchestra have been more convincing in the recent past.

*†† *Concerto Grosso, Ernest Bloch*: (Victor Album 563, \$5.00). A well known, pleasant, stenable, and shallow work, in a solid performance by the Curtis Chamber Music Ensemble conducted by Louis Bailly, solidly recorded.

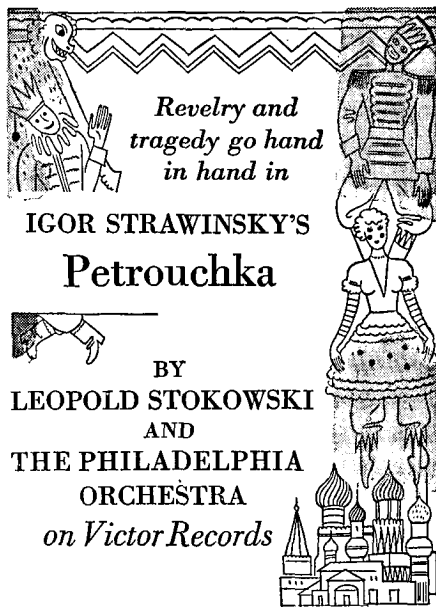
CHAMBER-MUSIC

*†† *Quartet No. 3, in E Flat, Op. 51, Dvorak*: (Columbia Album 369, \$6.00). Diverting for about half its length of gently melancholy *lanka* and lively dances, the loose texture of his work permits the capable but extravagant ener Quartet to record one of its occasional accesss.

*††† *Quartet No. 3, Op. 22, Hindemith*: (Victor Album 524, \$6.50). The Coolidge Quartet offers herewith a work by a learned and unconvincing composer, played and corded with lavish talent. Perhaps excessive; for the bitter chromaticism of the music has a naïveté on hearing exactly gment to its profundity in theory.

INSTRUMENTAL

*†† *Sonata No. 23, in F Minor, "Appassion-a," Op. 57, Beethoven*: (Columbia Album 5, \$5.00). A really superlative performance by Walter Gieseking, particularly admirable the pianist's understanding re-creation the sudden moods of the *Andante* and *Allegro*.



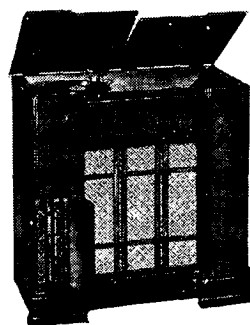
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(Continued on page 211)

RECORDED MUSIC

Sonata. Regrettably the recording is rather frequently opaque, and in the treble consistently harsh.

VOCAL

***†† *Duets for Soprano and Tenor, Schuman* (Victor Album \$60, \$3.50). The Soprano Lotte Lehmann and the tenor Lauritz Mechior. They combine their good voices finely balanced performances of five Schumann's most ripely romantic production from Opp. 34, 37 and 78. Resourceful and unusual employment of available talents, at a desirable pair of disks.

***†† *Lohengrin: Gräuserzaehlung; ar Meistersinger: Preislied, Wagner* (Columbia 9146M, \$1.50). Charles Kullmann his best is a German lyric tenor at the breed's most sympathetic. But he must contend with a vibrato that hurts this otherwise insinuating record. (The *Preislied* is sung concert version, without chorus).

SMALLER MATERIAL

Recommended: *Fruehlingstraum and Gretchen am Spinnrade, Schubert* (Victor 1524; *Seligkeit und Wehmuth, Schubert* (Victor 1945 both by Hertha Glatz, contralto; *Gaston Rameau and Sonata in A, Cimarosa* (Columbia 17118), by J. M. Oyangueren, guitar; *Sonata No. 6, in G Minor, Handel* (Victor 15378), by Yella Pessl, harpsichord, and Mitchell Miller, Oboe; *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Bach* (Columbia 69490), *Pic Héroïque, Franck* (Columbia 69460), *Edouard Commette, organ, Saint-Jean Lyon; Traum durch die Daemmerung, Strauss* (Victor 1980), by Lauritz Melchior; *Jota, Falla and Consejo, Obrador* (Victor 1978), by Lucrezia Bori, soprano, a George Copeland, piano; *Etude and Preludes, Scriabin and Etude and Prelude, Rachmanin* (Columbia 69569), by Anatole Kita piano; *Alborada del Gracioso, Ravel* (Victor 4425), by J. M. Sanromá, piano.

Recommended with reservations: *Hop Moussorgsky and Over the Steppe, Gretchenoff* (Victor 4414), by Igor Gorin, baritone; *Ständchen, Schubert and Die beiden Gre diere, Schumann* (Victor 15379), by Herbert Janssen, baritone.

— C. G. B.

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(Continued from page xii)

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